

THE
FOOTMAN:
AN
OPERA.

As it is ACTED at the
NEW-THEATRE,
IN
GOODMAN'S-FIELDS.

Trim-Tram, like Master like Man.



LONDON:

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(Price one Shilling and Sixpence.)

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AN
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AS PERFORMED BY
THE NEW-THEATRE



Printed for Henry Lister, at the Theatre
Royal, Covent Garden, in 1794.
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Albion.



TO THE
SOCIETY of FOOTMEN
IN
GREAT-BRITAIN.

Gentlemen of the Livery,

IT is no small Pleasure that I enjoy, in being permitted to lay this imperfect Piece at the Feet of your Honourable Society: a Society almost as antient as History, and the Support of the Grandeur of our present Gentry and Nobility. How many, who now make the most conspicuous Figures with the brightest Equipage, would, without your Aid, make no Figures at all? How many Opaque Bodies should we see rolling in their respective Chariots,

riots, through the Sphere of this lower World, did they not (as the Moon does from the Sun) borrow from your Society, their Lustre and Magnificence?

BUT I would willingly forbear giving a long Detail of your Virtues, lest I should grow too voluminous for a Dedication; whose Beauty, like that of an Epigram, lies in its Conciseness.

I would likewise avoid being thought a Flatterer; that is, an Imitator of our Modern Authors, whose Dedications are like Looking-Glasses, that flatter the Actions of Men, more than those do the Faces of the Ladies. To shun both these Extremes, I shall take my Leave, wishing Prosperity to your Honourable Society in general, and Success to each Member in particular, that they may with Honour, Justness and Integrity, serve their respective Masters; and be rais'd higher by their Deserts; this is the hearty Desire of

Your Most Obedient,

Humble Servant, &c.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. ROBERTS.

WELL—How d'ye like the Medley of To-night,
My *Gallant Footman*, and *Sue's foolish Knight*?

But—Poor *Bess*—Since *Charly* could forsake her,
I wish, Gallants, that one of you would take her:

Yonder She stands like any empty Boat,
Unmann'd without her *Tackle* set a-float.

My Spouse did say, he'd make her Fortune better,
But he's grown Great, you know, and may—forget her.

She bid me search around the crouded Pit,
And chuse from thence, a Man of Sense and Wit:

As for the Beaus, whose Pulvil scents the Boxes,
She bid me leave 'em to their—*Drury-Doxies*.

Nay—Don't ye hide—I at this distance nose ye,
Nor nearer will I come to—*Discompose* ye.

The World too says, that you're such partial Elves,
You hate all other Females, but — *Your selves*.

With Wig full-charg'd with Powder, think, with ease,
To kill as many Females as you please.

For Shame—for Shame—It is against the Laws,
To kill with *White Powder*—*That makes no noise*.

But e'er I leave ye, I must beg to know,
If each departs our Author's *Friend*, or *Foe*.

Tho' void his Lines may be of Wit, or Sense,
He hopes not *One* has given the least *Offence*.

His Satyrs *sting*, he offers like a Friend,
To *spur* the Vicious, that are *slow* to mend;

On Vice, not Man, he'd have his Satyr fall,
Let Modish Bards be dull, and—Personal.

Ladies, he strove, when my Chaste Part he drew,
To paint some *Virtuous Fair*, that smil'd like you.

Maids cry they're Virtuous—Few know what they mean,
All are not so—that have not *Vicious* been.

The Fair from Lovers guarded—who can guess,
If she when ask'd, would answer *No* or *Yes*?

Tho' Walls of Brass confine her outward Passion,
Her Heart's still govern'd by her—*Inclination*.

She's truly Virtuous who has Gold deny'd,
That ne'er is known till in the Mint 'tis try'd,

Temptation's Touch-Stone proves the *Virtuous Bride*.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Charles</i> , Servant to Lord <i>Gaylove</i> .	<i>Mr. Bardin</i> .	
<i>Harry</i> , Servant to Lord <i>Hazard</i> .	<i>Mr. Jenkins</i> .	
<i>Noddy</i> , a Country Squire.	<i>Mr. Miller</i> .	
<i>George</i> , Servant to <i>Mr. Belfond</i> .	<i>Mr. Rosco</i> .	
<i>Thomas</i> ,	}	<i>Mr. Bullock</i> .
<i>Isaac</i> ,		<i>Mr. Excell</i> .
<i>Laurence</i> ,		<i>Mr. Norris</i> .
<i>Porter</i> .		<i>Mr. Beckham</i> .

W O M E N.

<i>Mrs. Jessamy</i> .	<i>Mrs. Haughton</i> .
<i>Fenny Jessamy</i> .	<i>Mrs. Roberts</i> .
<i>Betty</i> , Servant to Lady <i>Modely</i> .	<i>Mrs. Palmer</i> .
<i>Sukey</i> .	<i>Mrs. Purden</i> .
<i>Molly</i> , Servant to Lady <i>Courtall</i> .	<i>Miss Tollet</i> .
<i>Nanny</i> , Servant to Lady <i>Packum</i> .	<i>Miss Wherrit</i> .
<i>Catherine</i> .	<i>Mrs. Tollet</i> .



THE INTRODUCTION.

Poet and Player.

Poet. **I** Long to know my Fate, and tremble for the Reception of my OPERA ; but, pray, Sir, can you guess, by the talk of the Town, whether or not People intend to give it a fair Hearing ?

Play. Sure, no body can be so void of Good-nature, and so guilty of ill Manners, as to hiss a thing before they hear it : besides, that would betray their want of Judgment ; as if they were afraid to hear it, not being able afterwards to tell, whether it deserv'd their Censure, or Approbation. I think, Sir, you call it the FOOTMAN. Pray, are they all Servants, or is a FOOTMAN only the Hero of your OPERA ?

Poet. All Footmen ! or rather, indeed, Gentlemen Valets ; for they appear mostly in their Master's Clothes, and are call'd by each other, by the Names and Titles of the respective Lords and Masters that they serve.

Play. The Subject is entirely new ; therefore, I hope, may meet with Success ; for the World now-a-days seems most pleas'd with Novelty.

THE INTRODUCTION.

Poet. The Novelty of the Subject will indeed be the sole Cause of its Success, if it has any run : but I am afraid the ill Reception that all Imitations of that inimitable OPERA of the *Beggar* have met with, will deter People from coming to see any more of that kind of Performance.

Play. Fear not, pluck up a good Spirit, and trust the rest to the Good-nature of your Audience. Have you any Satyr in your Opera?

Poet. Yes, at Vice in general, not at Persons particular. I endeavour to throw an Odium upon Vice, by rewarding Virtue in the Catastrophe : I only, like a Tavern-Cook, dress my Satyr, and set it on the Table, but help no body—For Satyr is a Dish that does not agree with all Stomachs ; if any one helps himself, and it afterwards makes him sick, let him blame himself, (for as *Mackbeath* says) he cannot say I did it.

Play. Come, Sir, I believe the Audience are impatient ; if you please, I'll attend you into the Green-Room, while they play the Overture.



ACT



THE
FOOTMAN:
AN
OPERA.

ACT I.

SCENE, a Room at Lord *Gaylove's*.

Enter *Charles* and *Chairman*.

Char.  Tall fair Lady, say you? Are you sure you have n't mistaken the House, or the Person?

Chairm. If you are Mr. *Charles*, and this House my Lord *Gaylove's*, I'm right.

Char. Where did you take her up?

Chairm. At a House t'other side the Square; and she's now waiting in the Chair in the next Court, where she desires you to come to her.

Char. [*Aside*] True to the touch! Your Servant, Madam! Harkee Sir; tell her I am not at home, d'ye hear; and there's something for you—

[*gives Money.*

Chairm. Very well Sir.

[*Exit.*

Char.

B

Char. As we do nothing without a Fee, 'tis but reasonable to make the same Compliment upon proper Occasions— Business never goes on well without it— Pretty Mrs. *Betty*! or in your Lady's name, pretty Lady *Modely*! Thou art certainly the most constant Girl in Town, if a close pursuit of Vanity, Airs, and Intriguing can be call'd so. 'Tis the most nauseous Thing in Nature to ply a Man with Bumpers when he has had enough, and begs to be excus'd. But Women always run into this Breach of good manners: if they once grant a Man a Favour, they think he's oblig'd to receive, as long as they have a mind to bestow; so that 'tis almost a Wonder that the difficulty of dropping an Intrigue, does not deter People from ever taking up any.

Air I. Soldier Laddie.

*How cruel's she who rails at a Man,
Because he can love her no more than he can?
All promise at first to be faithful and steddly,
But spight of ourselves we baulk my Lady.
When we've been quaffing French Claret amain,
We quit the bright Bowl for a Flask of Champain;
From Pleasures familiar to fly we're all ready,
Thus spight of ourselves we baulk my Lady.*

Ha! Mrs. *Jessamy*, by this light! one of my charitable Cousins, who in her Time has fed high on Love, and now seems to have an equal Appetite for promoting the same Pleasures in other People. No hungry Courtier is more constant at a Minister's Levee, than she at mine. I've heard of Nations that us'd to destroy their Women when they grew old, as a Set of useless Animals. But I fancy 'twas before the use of Bawds was known to the World.

SCENE

An O P E R A.

SCENE II. *Mrs. Jessamy and Charles.*

Air II. Moggy Lawder.

*Mrs. Jeff. O that I was young again,
I'd frisk it beyond measure,
Kiss, and dance, and sport amain,
And wanton it at leisure.*

*Free and gay
I'd pass the Day,
At Night I'd hug my Treasure;
Then I'd bed,
But never wed,*

For Marriage damps the Pleasure.

Char. You are still the same, Madam, I see, always gay and easy.

Mrs. Jeff. Is it possible to be otherwise in the Company of so fine a Gentleman? Let me die, Mr. Charles, but I think you the most agreeable man alive. Such a well-turn'd Shape! Such a genteel Deportment! As I'm a Woman, I think when you make your appearance in my Lord's Clothes and Title, that you are by much the finer Gentleman of the two. Tho' my Lord is a fine Gentleman, that's the truth on't; a very fine Gentleman!

Char. I suppose you've been enquiring for him. Have you good News for him? Does she begin to comply, and hearken to Reason?

Mrs. Jeff. I don't know what she is, Sir—— I know nothing at all, Sir—— What d'ye mean, Sir--- Pray where is my Lord? When does he come home? He told me he'd leave something for me when he went out of Town, and I always took his Lordship to be a Man of Honour: How does he think I can do without Money?

Air III. Mother quoth Hodge, &c.

*The Soldier disbanded the Streets for to beg,
May talk of his Wars, and his Sufferings so hard;
But tho' seam'd o'er with Scars, and with never a Leg,
His Wants we neglect, nor his Courage regard;*

The FOOTMAN.

*And the Lass that is poor
Is sent for a Whore,
With Hemp and a Hammer to make her Complaint ;
But if you have Money,
All Honours are done ye,
A Coward's a Hero, a Whore is a Saint,*

Char. He's only gone upon a Party of Pleasure a little way with some Ladies. I believe he won't make any long stay.

Mrs. Jess. The Devil take him and the Ladies too! I'll have no more to do with him. What, then he has left me no Money, I suppose?

Char. Dear *Mrs. Jessamy*, don't play the Woman so strongly, and think you are affronted before you are—D'ye think he cou'd go out of Town without taking care of you?—Here's a Fifty Pound Bill that he left me, twenty Pieces of which are for a Present to Miss *Jenny*. I'll get it chang'd, and call on you with the Money—Was it a Million, it wou'd n't be half what she deserves, she's so delightful a Creature.

Mrs. Jess. Yes, *Jenny* is a pretty Girl, that's the Truth on't: but that cursed narrow Education which her Uncle gave her, has been the Ruin of her. What Notions is her Head stuffed with of Decency, Virtue, and a thousand things that one has almost forgot the Name of in these politer Times? What abundance of People have been spoil'd by their Education, Mr. *Charles*, who otherwise might have made good Figures in Life? But thank my Stars, 'tis not like to do much more harm.

Char. You are quite in the right, *Mrs. Jessamy*; I'm an utter Enemy to your confin'd Education. Did you ever see a Gentleman or a Lady come into the World agreeably who had one? What aukward Airs, and what an odd way of thinking does it give

give 'em? Oh! I'm entirely for letting people see the World as soon as possible: they can't be thrust into Company too soon.

Mrs. *Jess*. What a Vivacity and Air does it give 'em in all publick Places? What a genteel Turn of Conversation and Dress?—Oh, Mr. *Charles*, had my Daughter *Jenny* been bred up in my own taste, I shou'd n't have had such a do with her, to make her happy with your Lord. Well but I've a thousand things to do this Morning—You know this is my Assembly Night, and I've a great many things to get in readiness: you'll call on us soon, Mr. *Charles*; you ply her your way, and I mine—Your Servant, you'll be sure and come soon.

Char. Depend on it, I never fail in my Duty to my Lord.

SCENE III. *Charles* alone.

TH E R E is nothing in the Creation but what is good for something; even Toads, Serpents, and Bawds have each of them their particular good, since out of the Poison of those we may extract Health and Pleasure from that of others. Nor is my Office in this Family of no Benefit: either as a Footman or a Pimp, which latter was conferr'd upon me for my faithful Services in the former. This my Lord looks upon as the top Post in his Gift, of great Trust, and equal to a first Minister. I wish 'twas as profitable! But 'tis chiefly a Place of Honour, that's the worst of it. He is certainly the most accomplish'd Man in Town. His Perfections are so many, and so blended, 'twould puzzle a good Chymist to separate them, and tell which is most predominant; tho' if I have any Skill, 'tis his Love for Women. The Brightness of that makes his others scarce valuable. He carries this even to a Fault, if possible; for a true Sportsman spares

a good Hare sometimes, that he may hunt her again ; but my Lord seldom beats the same Bush twice. *Jenny's* a Skin-full of delicious Flesh, that's certain-- Am not I a Blockhead then, not to improve the Opportunities I've had of insinuating my self into her Affections? I'm not so much of a Sportsman neither, as not to love my own Game? and if my Lord detects me, I'm so deep in his Secrets, that he can't discard me without half ruining himself.

SCENE IV. *Harry and Charles.*

Char. **L**ORD Hazard, your Servant! What *Harry*, why thou look'st as dull as if thou hadst had a bad run at the Groom-Porter's.

Har. Why, in a word, *Gaylove*, I am almost in the same Condition ; I sat up all last Night at the Gaming-Table, where I made my self the Bubble of the Company.

Char. How was that?

Har. Why I turn'd the Tables, and cheated my self.

Char. That's what you seldom do, I believe, my Lord! But pray explain?

Har. Why I play'd with Women, and one's forc'd to lose to them sometimes to keep them in Temper. I've often sworn never to throw a Die with a Woman again ; they are such Devils when the Dice are against 'em : but I find 'tis a difficult Matter to carry a point in Love, without a Pass or two at the Gaming-Table. Misfortunes they say seldom come alone, and the same may be said of Good-fortune : A lucky Night at the Table generally ends with as good in a much better Place. You may say what you will of Musick, I'm sure the Musick of a Dice-Box has a greater Ascendant over the Female Passions than any other musical Instrument whatever.

Air

Air IV. A Cobler there was, &c.

*At the Dice-Box's Rattle the soft Female Breast,
With the Spirit of Gaming and Love is possess'd,
E'en Prudes that at Opera's unsoften'd remain,
Will melt and comply if you throw 'em a Main,
Down, down, hey derry down, &c.*

Well, but what is your Business with me?

Char. Only to desire you to be at Mrs. *Jessamy's* Assembly To-night, I'll show you some new Faces that are to be introduc'd.

Har. I don't know whether I shall be there, or no; in short, *Charles*, I begin to think these Assemblies too expensive for our Fortunes.

Char. That's like a losing Gamester indeed, but prithee don't be so phlegmatick on a sudden. Why should we Gentlemen of the Coat differ from all Mankind? Why mayn't we act above our Fortunes as well as our Masters? Since we make bold upon Occasion to wear their Titles and Clothes, 'tis necessary we should adopt some of their Customs too. Nor can we avoid it if we wou'd, for every Custom is like a Stone thrown into the Water, that spreads Circle after Circle, till all the Parts about it are affected. No, no, *Harry*, was every body to act according to their Fortune, *England* wou'd not make the Figure in the Eye of the World it does now. What wou'd become of most of the fine Equipages about Town? Or half the People one sees at publick Places?

Har. But pray, who are these new Faces you talk of? A new Face to one who has seen all over those at Drawing-Rooms, Opera's and Plays, so often as I have, is as agreeable as clean Linen to one who has worn his Shirt a Week.

Char. Your Idea is somewhat gross, my Lord; but to satisfy you, they are some Company I am engag'd to dine with To-day in *Change-Alley*—— They are Adventurers in the Lottery, &c.

Har.

Har. The Devil! are you engag'd there, and I not ask'd! I know the Company, I just parted with Lady *Packum*, and Lady *Courtall*, who told me of the Assignment, and that they were of the Party, but did n't say a Word of you: tho' I see by their being there, you have not all new Faces.

Char. No, my Lord, not all new Faces, but there is one new Face, *Harry*, so young, so tender, so, so——

Har. I know who you mean by your Raptures, Miss *Sukey*; she's my Country Acquaintance, and your Friend Mrs. *Betty's* near Relation; and I hope you have too great a regard for her Ladyship to have any ill Design upon her.

Char. No, no, my Designs upon her are very good, and I hope she'll think so when she knows 'em: I love a young unexperienc'd Thing; the other is a mere Coffee-house Looking-glass, that every Fop may thrust himself into.

Har. Her Lady's, I'm sure she is; for she's a true Representation of all her Airs, and if I am not mistaken, is as close in with you, as her Lady is with your Lord.

Char. What's that, *Harry*?

Har. Ay, *Charles*, I don't question but you've pocketed well for secret Service; but be as private as you will, I assure you the Town smoaks the Affair.

Char. You take greater Liberties than become you, my Lord.

Har. Nay, if you come to that——I shall caution you, *Charles*, not to take too great Liberties, and tell you, that I think one Intrigue in a Family sufficient for one Man, and that in honour you ought to lay aside your Pretensions to Miss *Sukey*.

Char. No, a Minister of State shall sooner lay aside his Ambition, a fine Lady her Diamonds and Embroidery, or a Town-Fop his Clock-Stockings and Impertinence.

Har.

Har. You are resolv'd then to debauch her?

Char. Debauch! That sounds too harsh for the Intentions of my Love: True, I wou'd by soft Persuasions win her to Compliance; enjoy the little Rogue: but then it shou'd be with her own Consent, or at least, with no other Resistance than the little Struggles between Modesty, and Inclination.

Air V. Lads of Duncce.

*Complying, Denying,
Now free, and now coy,
Alluring, and curing
Love's Pain with its Joy.*

*With Frowns or with Smiles that can kindle a Fire,
Is a Girl that each Temper and Age must admire.*

Her Eye darts its Glances,

Our Heart feels its Ray,

Her Power advances,

And ours ebbs away.

*From Charms so strong there's none can retreat,
For do what she will, she's ev'ry way sweet.*

Har. I wou'd advise you, Sir, to curb your Passion, lest it shou'd grow head-strong, and run farther than the Bounds of Decency.

Char. Who shall check my Passion in the pursuit of Love? Rather I'd spur it to its full-speed: be first to reach the Goal, and distance all behind.

Har. Such swelling Words might fright the Coward to your Purpose! A Man dares ask for Satisfaction: and I here insist that you quit your Claim to my elder Passion, or expect due Chastisement.

Char. Ha! This from thee! Then let these Swords decide the Difference— [*Taking the Swords.*]
Thus I defend my Claim.

Har. Let Justice guide the Point.

[*They retreat and pause, after a Pass or two.*]

Char. Lord Hazard!

C

Har.

Har. Is that *Gaylove's* Voice?—What am I about?

Char. O cruel Honour!

Har. What is this Honour?—Is the Purchase of it, the Blood of a Bosom-Friend, or one's own? Are we not both reputed to be Men of Honour? Why shou'd we then bring it to so dangerous a Test as this? Is he not a Mad-man who hazards the breaking of a Blade that's generally reckon'd good, only to try if it be well temper'd? Or why shou'd we, who are Men of Honour, imitate those Gentlemen who have none; and are therefore the more ready to fight in the Defence of it, as Whores are for their Virtue?

Char. Spoke like the Man I love—well I'll never break with you for any Woman's Toy—get her; I give up my Claim: but there's a Person in the World who has more romantick Notions of Love than I have, and for her too, who won't so willingly give her up; tho' I believe you may manage him easily enough.

Har. Who's that?

Char. I expect him here soon; a cursed clever Fellow, and a Man of Fortune too, I assure you, that follow'd her up to Town, and is in Love enough to want to—Marry her.

Har. O that still adds to my Game—But pray let me know this Rival?

Char. His Character is somewhat odd, so you shall have it from his own Mouth. I've rid many a Fox-Chace with him: he has often show'd me the Country over Hedges and five-barr'd Gates, and now in return, upon his Adventure to London, he applies to me to show him the Town. He's one of our Party in the City to-day.

S C E N E

An O P E R A.

II

SCENE V. *Charles, Harry; and Squire Noddy,*
to 'em foolishly drest in a Livery.

Sq. Nod. MY Lord *Gaylove*, your humble Ser-
vant! [Saluting.]

Char. Your most humble Servant, Sir.

Har. *Cujum Pecus?* my Lord.

Char. O this is the Gentleman!

Har. Sir, your humble Servant.

Sq. Nod. My Lord your humble Servant [bowing]
Your humble Servant—Well, my Lord, I suppose
your Lordship thinks of going to this Place—I have
just parted with some more of our Country Acquain-
tance, and they desire your Lordship not to fail.

Char. We are time enough two Hours hence.

Har. Sir, give me leave to admire the Cut of
your Coat.

Sq. Nod. By all means, Sir. 'Tis very curious,
and the very Tip-top of the Fashion, I assure your
Lordship. The Taylor swore to me, that it was
the direct Pattern of the last Marquis's best Suit of
Livery that came over from *France*. Be n't I now
a very genteel Fellow? Look at me. Observe this
what d'ye call it, and this Lace, and this Shoulder-
knot; Oons! I'm sure it ought to be fine—for
what d'ye think this same Livery might cost me?

Har. Cost you, Sir!

Sq. Nod. Ay cost me, Sir! Why it cost me
thirty Pound, paid down in Scepter Pieces and
Jacobus's, that I found quilted into my Grand-
mother's Under-petticoat.

Har. What sort of a Master do you serve, Sir,
that you buy your own Clothes?

Sq. Nod. Oons! Sir, serve Sir! What d'ye take
me for, Sir?

Char. [Aside] For no Conjuror, I'm sure.

Sq. Nod. Why I am Master of fifteen hundred
Pound a Year, Sir. Serve, quoth-a! — My Lord,

I find you don't know of what Consequence I am in the World.

Har. Fifteen hundred Pound a Year!

Sq. Nod. Yes, my Lord, and am known all over the County of *Salop*, by the Name and Title of *Edward Noddy Esq*;

Char. O! a very famous Name.

Har. What makes a Man of your Fortune appear in that Dress?

Sq. Nod. Why there is not a Man of Quality about Town that has such a Suit of Clothes. Besides, this is my first Sally into the World.

Char. And, I suppose, like other booby Squires, you have a mind to make your self sufficiently ridiculous at your first Step. [*Aside.*

Sq. Nod. And so I went to the Tip-top Taylor in *London*, and bad him make me a Suit of Clothes in the newest Fashion; and in the Stile and Character of the finest Gentleman in Town: and so, Sir, he equipp'd me as you see; and bid me live up to this Dress, and not a leading Beau in *St. James's Coffee-house*, tho' he kept half a dozen Doxies, had fifty Intrigues upon his hands at a Time, and paid no-body, wou'd be reckon'd a more compleat Gentleman.

Char. The Dog seem'd to have more Sense than belongs to his Profession. It must be allow'd that the Army it self is not a better School for Education than ours.

Sq. Nod. Besides, Sir, this is n't all the Reason for my wearing this Livery.

Har. No; pray let's hear the rest.

Sq. Nod. Why, if you will know it, I am confoundedly in love; and with a gill-flirting Thing, that was always so fond of any thing in a Livery, that she wou'd never yet use me with common Civility.

Har. I believe I've heard of the Lady.

Sq. Nod. Ha! my Lord, have you? What do you know Miss *Sukey*, my Aunt *Plain-stitch's* Daughter's

Daughter's Maid? Ah! Sweet Miss *Sukey*! I proffer'd her Marriage a thousand Times; but she was such a Fool to tell me always, that she'd rather marry *John* the Footman.

Air VI. Sweet *Nelly*'s my Heart's delight.

*Sweet Sukey's my Heart's delight,
O! Behold her Country Knight;
Dress'd like a Town-Beau,
Above and below,
With Cloaths and Wit as bright.
Behold but this Lace,
And this pretty Face,
Ah! May she like it, Mun;
Ah! May her Heart,
Admire her Smart,
Receive a Dart,
And take my Part,
Or, alas! I am quite undone.*

Har. Well, if that be the Case, give your self no Uneasiness, I'll manage Matters for you.

Sq. Nod. Will you, my Lord; Egad! 't shall be the best Thing you ever did in all your Life! You shan't want for Money.

Char. Lord Hazard, you shall be with us in the City, I'll take upon me to introduce you.

Har. With all my heart. Besides the Pleasure of the Company, I love every Thing that has the Face of Gaming, 'tis the readiest way to raise a Fortune. Who'd plod on in a Course of Industry, when the Chance of a Die, or a Ticket, may raise a Man and a Family in a Trice?

Char. Who'd creep like the Ant, and toil for a poor Substinance, when they might fly like the Hawk, and grow fat upon the Rapine and Havock of others.

Air

Air VII. What tho' they call me Country Lass,

Char. *At Great Men's Levees, tell me why
Shou'd Men of Merit fawn and lye?
What are they more than you or—I;
But a—stand by clear the Way?*

Har. *But Faith! So cruel is our Fate,
We were not born for Wealth and State;
And Pride must fall e'er we are great,
O—cou'd I see the Day!*

Sq. Nod. Well, Gentlemen, as you are not ready yet, I'll go and dispatch some Business in the next Street, and call here again.

Char. Well, my Lord, you'll come?

Har. Most certainly.

SCENE VI. Lady Modely's House. Enter Betty and Sukey. Betty pulling off her Hood, &c. at a Glafs.

Suk. **D**EAR Mrs. Betty, where have you been? Why you are return'd much sooner than you intended?

Bet. Fie! Miss Sukey, will you never shake off your Country Breeding? You shou'd never ask those impertinent Questions. You are enough to put a fine Lady out of Countenance. We never tell those Things, Child, nor is it proper we shou'd. Pray does your young Mistress use you to those Things?

Suk. O don't talk of her? I hate her, a little affected Thing. But do, dear Cousin, instruct me how to behave; 'tis a charming Thing to be well-bred,—you cou'd never learn all your Genteelness from Lady Modely.

Bet. O Child, a little Conversation in this Town, will be sufficient to instruct you—the chief that I can inform you in, is in regard to the Gentlemen, who are always swarming round a New Girl, thicker than Wasps round a Honey-Pot: but be sure be upon your guard, and hinder them from settling, lest they

they shou'd leave their Stings behind 'em, and that you know might prove of ill Consequence.

Air VIII. One April Morn.

Suk. *When Lovers flocking round I find,
And each Man cries—I have her;
With Smiles to this I'll now be kind,
And now to that my Love's inclin'd:
'Tis thus Coquets may please their Mind,
Yet never grant the Favour.*

Suk. Sure you think me of a very amorous Temper, that will fall in love with every one of the Male Kind that falls in my way.

Bet. Pardon me, my Dear, I have not quite so ill an Opinion of you neither; not but I believe your Heart to be rather of easy Access than otherwise, something like soften'd Wax ready to receive most Seals that offer their Impressions.

Suk. My Taste in Love is more refin'd than you think for: I hate a clumsy Country Fellow, as much as I do the Country that bred him; and admire a polite Gentleman of the Town more than I do any of its Diversions. How dull wou'd a Masquerade be, was it not for the Beaux that embellish it? And without them, all your Balls and Assemblies wou'd be as inharmonious and dull, as a Country-Dance without Musick.

Bet. But my Dear, let me give you one Word of Advice; not to trust too much to those Things they call Beaux, who are mostly oblig'd to their Mercer and Taylor, for the Figures they make in Life.

Air IX. The old Woman she went into the Barn.

*A Beau is like the spinning Worm,
Wrapt up in Silk Array;
When dress'd in all its Airs, and Pride,
He struts at Assembly or Play:
Play, Play,
He struts at Assembly or Play.*

Pull

*Pull each from out his silken Garb,
His gaudy outward Show;
A Bug the Worm and Man appear,
And there is an End of the Beau,
Beau, Beau,
And there is an End of the Beau.*

Suk. Certainly they can't be such hideous Creatures as my Squire—but do you really think 'em such trifling Animals? Or was it only to frighten me? I shou'd be most prodigiously baulk'd, was I to give one of 'em my Heart, and be refus'd his in return.

Bet. As for that, set your Heart at rest, and keep it to your self, unless you wou'd give it *gratis*, as your Authors of White-wash and Paint do their Advertisements—Give you their Love! They wou'd sooner part with their false Calves, and dance all Night upon two Legs, that can scarce support 'em. No, no, my Dear, they love themselves too well to love any one else. Cou'd you turn your self into a Mirror, that reflected their own pretty Faces, you might then hope for some small Share in their Affections.

Suk. What think you of Mr. *Charles*? My Lord *Gaylove*! O he's a prodigious agreeable Creature.

Bet. To my knowledge he's engag'd; so you must not think of him: but since you will have a Lover, I'll recommend one to you—you know my Lord *Hazard*?

Suk. I like him prodigiously! He's the dearest impudent Creature!

Bet. I see by that Expression, you've a true Spirit, and I've great hopes of you. Impudence is certainly the most cardinal Accomplishment a Gentleman can have. A Man's Impudence excuses one prodigiously: There's nothing at all in doing a Thing one has a mind for, when one is forc'd to it.

Suk.

Suk. I always hated your shame-fac'd Fellows, they put one so out of Countenance.

Bet. Besides there's no such thing as distinguishing themselves in the World without it, or making a Fortune. I cou'd tell you of strange things done by the Dint of Impudence. Some Fellows in fine Posts, others marrying Fortunes, and others that had Intrigues with some of the most celebrated Ladies in Town ; without the least Pretension to any thing in the World but this.

Suk. O here's the very Man we were talking of.

SCENE VII. *Betty, Sukey and Harry.*

Har. **L**ADY *Modely*, your Servant ; Miss *Sukey*, I'm yours.

Bet. How came we to have the pleasure of seeing you this Morning ?

Har. My Inclinations, Madam, must have brought me, if I had n't had Business below.

Suk. I assure you, Sir, we were just talking of you.

Bet. Yes, indeed, there has been some fine things said of your Lordship.

Har. Then I was prodigiously honour'd—well, Mrs. *Betty*, as I'm alive you look quite charming ! I never saw such a Bloom ! Pray how do you contrive always to look so well ?

Bet. Upon my Word you are vastly complaisant. I fancy you have a mind to show Miss *Sukey* how gallant you can be, and make love to her, by saying fine things to me ; but she may deserve your Compliments better, and be more disposed to hear 'em.

Suk. That's good indeed ! But why shou'd you think so ?

Bet. O you've not been so us'd to fine Speeches.

Suk. Nay, Madam, that's judging very hardly of of me.

D

Har.

Har. Indeed so it is, Madam, as if People cou'd n't make fine Speeches in the Country. Does your Ladyship think that Beauty can charm no where but in Town? [*to Betty*] Miss Sukey has experienced the contrary.

Air. X. Do not ask my charming *Phillis*.

Har. *What delicate Speeches expressing,
In the sweet flow'ry Fields to his Fair,
Does the Squire importune her to bless him
With—what I should blush to declare.
Not the Bed in the Bagnio, that made is
With a Bed of soft Flow'rs, can compare,
Tho' there the fine Lords and the Ladies,
Do——what I shou'd blush to declare.*

Suk. O, Sir, your most humble Servant—a prodigious pretty Fellow—But I know the Town too well to believe every thing you fine Gentlemen say.

Har. What, my Dear, do you question it?

Suk. What?

Har. My loving you.

Suk. Pshaw!

Har. Then as I'm a Man of Honour, I just now ventur'd my Life for your sake.

Bet. How was that, *Harry*?

Har. Only a Duel: nothing else.

Suk. What was you going to fight for me? Was you indeed? [*Giving her self Airs.*

Bet. Upon my word, Sir, you'll make the Girl too vain.

Suk. Nay, Madam, why shou'd you say so? Certainly one may have a few fine things said of one's self, without being vain. But I observe you fine Ladies are affronted to hear Speeches made to any but your selves.

Air

Air XI.

*If by chance a fine Lady sits near,
When Cloe's black Eyes you commend,
Strait Jealousy tickles her Ear,
And she thinks her own Charms you offend;
With an envious Air
She cries, if Cloe's fair,
Who may not to Beauty pretend?*

Bet. Pray who is this Cavalier, that attacks Miss Sukey Sword in Hand?

Har. [*Aside*] Now will I make her as mad—
No less a Person, Madam, than your Friend, the Lord Gaylove.

Bet. O the Villain! he had n't the Assurance—
Then there's no such thing as Honesty, and Footmen
are as great Rogues as their Masters.

Air XII. Room for Cuckolds, &c.

*Honesty failing
Villains prevailing
Thro' all the Stations of Life and Degrees;
Honour's discarded,
Knaves are rewarded,
That I should live to see such Times as these!
Not one Shoulder-knot in all the Town
Is befriending,
Virtue ending,
Or does betoken
Honour unbroken,
More than a Ribband, or Scarlet Gown.*

Bet. He uses me worse than a great Man does
his Dependants; or a Lady her Servants, when her
Birth-Day Clothes don't fit.

Suk. Your Servant, my Lady; Mr. Charles is
engag'd, is he?

Har. You are too passionate, Madam, I assure
you; I heard him talk very rapturously of you.

Bet. Perfidious! I'll tear his Eyes out!—How dar'd he talk of me!—Does he think I'll have any thing to do with him? No, I'd rather be a Man, and married to a vain celebrated Beauty; or in love with the most arrant Coquet in Town. I've a Thought, I'll be reveng'd upon him—You told me, *Suke*, you was engag'd in a Party with him in the City—This has waken'd a thousand Suspicions—and if I find 'em just, I'll ruin him for his Treachery.

SCENE VIII. *Suke* and *Harry*.

Suk. DID you ever see any thing like her? She has a prodigious Opinion of herself.

Har. [*Aside*] True Woman, railing at her Friend as soon as she has turn'd her Back. But I must strike in with her, or I shall do nothing—and thinks her self always slighted, and affronted for the same Reason.

Suk. 'Tis a Curse to be so opinionative.

Har. For the Satisfaction we have from the Notion of our Merit, is vastly over-ballanc'd by the fancy'd Affronts we receive in thinking our selves neglected, and not us'd as well as we deserve.

Suk. That's good! Well, I shall like you prodigiously, I'm sure, you fall so patly into my way of thinking.

Har. O Madam! I shall be very proud to be in your way of thinking. 'Tis impossible that you cou'd be bred entirely in the Country. Was ever any thing so genteel—Talk of your Town Ladies! What awkward things does one see some of them! It certainly requires a Genius to be genteel; and One that is truly Brilliant will break thro' all the Disadvantages of a Country Education, and sparkle even in the Dirt.

Air XIII.

Har. *Suke's my dearest, my beautiful Phillis,
And all the soft Names that are warbled in Songs.*
Suk.

Suk. Harry of all Men the most genteel is,
All that's delightful to Harry belongs.

Har. Not all the Circle at Court,
Where the Beauties resort,
Can show me a Fair-one, so fair as my Sue :

Suk. Not the Fops that are there,
Yok'd in Salitaire ;

Tho' they lace for a Shape, can my Harry out-do.

Har. Dear Miss Sukey, I find you are to dine in the City to-day ; shall I have the Pleasure of waiting on you, since I am so happy to be of the Engagement ?

Suk. You are very obliging, Sir, and to-night I go to Mrs. *Jessamy's* Assembly.

Har. I shall be proud to wait on you there too ; I'll show you all the Diversions of the Town.

Suk. And I shall be as proud to see 'em ; I wou'd sweeten every moment of my Life with some Pleasure or other, and make amends for all the Time I've lost in the Country. Fifteen years ! and never see a Play, or an Assembly ! O insupportable ! I shall expire with the very Thoughts of it—Oh ! oh !

[She affects to faint, and Harry catches her.]

Har. Poor Girl ! How it touches her ! I've heard that strong Cordials have wrought wonderful Cures in these Hysterical Cases. *[Kisses her.]* A double Dose may perhaps give her Blood a quicker Circulation, and revive her, *[Kisses her again.]* She mends mightily upon the second Glass—I fancy I've hit upon the Remedy she applies to upon these Occasions. Who wou'd have thought I had been so good a Physician ? Faith, me will make une grand Pill, that is good for every thing—or nothing ; take Lodgings in *St. Martin's-Lane*, and set up for a Doctor. — O she comes to her self.

[The Air is sung, while she rises affectedly.]

Air

Air. XIV. Come my Dear, and let us dally, &c.

*Thus for ever die, my Deary,
I will be thy constant Swain,
Ever wait with Kisses near ye,
To restore your Life again.
Those Lips were given thee to employ 'em,
Why do Cupids press 'em then?
Boys no longer shou'd enjoy 'em,
Now they're grown mature for Men.*

Suk. I'm really quite ashamed of my Behaviour, but I hope you'll excuse me— Pray what was that you gave me?— I hope 'twas nothing strong, for all spirituous Cordials give me the Heart-burn.

Har. No, Madam, what I gave you was as innocent as the Lips that receiv'd it. I wish it may set well upon your Stomach. But lest you shou'd suspect it, pray taste it again: I believe there's a Drop left in the Glass, [*Kisses her*].— Well, what d'ye think of it now? Does it give you the Heart-burn? Is it too spirituous for your Constitution?

Suk. Hush! hush! here comes Mrs. Betty; let me go, I'll tell you my Opinion another Time.

SCENE IX. *Sukey, Harry and Betty.*

Suk. WELL, my Dear, will you go with us? Lord Hazard it seems is engag'd there too, and offers his Service to wait on me.

Bet. You are prodigiously forward; 'twill be dangerous for his Lordship to trust himself with you— I suppose your Lordship thinks to make this a pretty convenient cheap Affair— and such things are n't often to be met with in Town, you know, my Lord.

Air XV. *Dumbarton's Drums.*

*O London is a Place bonny— O!
If your Pocket is full of Money— O!*

For

For there you may buy,
 Their Price indeed is high,
 A young Lass much sweeter than Honey——O!
 If a Lady alone can delight you,——O!
 Engage her to come at Night i'ye——O!
 When folded in your Arms,
 You have rifled all her Charms,
 Fear not——she again will invite you——O!

Suk. Nay, why shou'd you quarrel with me? Can I help Mr. Charles's Behaviour?—Tho' I won't go if you are not willing.

Har. O! Her Ladyship won't be so unkind to interrupt your Diversions. Besides, you'll favour us with your own Company.

Bet. How can you be such a dissembling Devil?—I know you'd rather be hang'd than have me with you.

Air XVI. *Jenny come tie, &c.*
 When we'd be flirting,
 Loving and sporting,
 Ev'ry Intruder we wish far away;
 And what a pouting,
 Flaunting and flouting,
 If their Impertinence prompt 'em to stay.

I won't go, I have other Affairs upon my hands. Go you, but take care of him, Sukey. And d'ye hear, my Lord, if you offer to debauch her, I'll murder you, I will.

Har. O Madam! Come my little Sweet-lip, [*Aside.*] now or never.

SCENE X. *Betty alone.*

WHAT better cou'd I expect from such a fluttering Coxcomb? who thinks himself the prettier Fellow, the more Affairs he has upon his hands at a time—But I fancy I shall fit him. This Engagement of his gives me an Opportunity I have long

long wish'd for, of satisfying my Suspicions of Miss *Jessamy*: and if I find him faulty there, I'll ruin him with his Lord at once— A Woman of Spirit has as much pleasure in revenging her self on a false Lover, as in gratifying him in the Violence of his Passion.

SCENE XI. *Betty and Porter.*

Por. DID you send for me, Madam?

Bet. You know Mrs. *Jessamy*'s?

Por. Where I went for you yesterday, Madam?

Bet. The same—Give my Service, and if she's at home, I'll call on her in the Afternoon.

SCENE XII. *Mrs. Jessamy's House.*

Mrs. Jessamy and Jenny.

Jen. DEAR Mamma, say no more, for I can never bear the Thoughts of being a Prostitute.

Air XVII. Tho' I behold in those wand'ring Eyes.

O where shall I fly when Virtue's flown,

By those who once lov'd me neglected?

For the Girl, when her Virgin Honey is gone,

Like the Honeyless Bee is rejected.

Mrs. Jess. Was ever any thing so affected! Pray what are you better than the rest of the World? Look where you will, do you see any thing but Prostitution! Even among the Greatest, whom we ought to make our Examples.

Jen. How unhappy am I to be so besieged! My whole Life since my Uncle's Death has been a constant Scene of Temptations.

Mr. Jess. I've no patience that a Girl shou'd be so dull. She has n't the least Spark of Ambition. Are there no Charms in Equipage, Settlements and State; in being distinguish'd in the most conspicuous Places, at Plays and Opera's, with the advantage of an Intimacy with the Ladies of the first Quality?

Jen.

Jen. Those Things have no Charms for me. What is the finest Entertainment to a Person, who knows there's Poison in the Dishes?

Mrs. Jess. Put your Compliance only upon the footing of Gratitude: what else can you do in return for his many fine Presents?

Jen. As for his Presents, I'm guiltless of 'em; as you are blameable for receiving of 'em upon my Refusal. Tho' I think that a mistaken Gratitude, that grants a Gentleman any Favour he may ask in return for a Ball, or an Opera Ticket; what a strange Thing is it, that a Man who pretends to so much Honour as my Lord, shou'd strive to destroy the very Fountain of it in another Person, in deluding me out of my Virtue!

Mrs. Jess. Why there now! What Notions have you form'd to your self of Honour? D' ye see any Thing in his Carriage, that is disagreeable to the Rules of Honour, according to the Practice of the finest Gentlemen; and what can be the Standard of Honour, but their Actions? You never heard any body call'd dishonourable, let him have a thousand Intrigues upon his hands, so as he does n't divulge the Secret himself.

Jen. So that Virtue consists only in keeping the Secret.

Mrs. Jess. Prithee have done with this Virtue—suppose there was such a Thing—Duty and Interest methinks shou'd teach you to prefer the publick Honour of your Family, to your own private Virtue; but since there's no such Thing.—

Jen. Dear Mamma, forbear—you can never convince me of that. Why do your Prostitutes affect Modesty? But from the Sense of the Amiability of Virtue; which if there was no such Thing, they cou'd never do.

Air XVIII. Love is a Dream, &c.

*See the abandon'd Fair-one trying,
Decent Looks, and modest Sighs;
Virtue's honest part belying,
To engage her Lover's Eyes:
Empty Show his Breast alarming,
Knowingly deceiv'd is he;
If the Shadow's then so charming,
What must real Virtue be?*

Mr. Jess. Mere Education!

Jen. I am sorry to hear you argue against your Reason; for there is no one that has been bred, even in a Brothel, but finds as much pleasure in the Beauty of a virtuous Action, and Abhorrence in the Deformity of a vicious one, as she does in seeing a Face that is beautiful or deform'd: which is sufficient to convince you of our natural Inclination to Virtue.

Mrs. Jess. Thou art certainly the most positive Girl—

[Knocking at the Door.

There's somebody at the Door—I fancy 'tis Mr. Charles; he has brought me some Money, and I'll go and give him Admission with it. Pray consider, that what I've said t'ye, is for your own good, and don't be obstinate.

SCENE XIII. Jenny alone.

WAS ever any Thing so unnatural as my Mamma? What can I expect from other People, when she whose Character ought to protect me, takes such pains to undo me? Was ever any Thing so barbarous!—the wildest Savages have a Regard for the Welfare of their Offspring. Perhaps the Way of Life she has been engag'd in, makes her imagine she discovers a real Tendernefs in providing for me in so vile a manner. How terrible then is it, that the Custom of the fine Ladies and Gentlemen, shou'd set those Things in so agreeable a Light?

SCENE

SCENE XIV. *Jenny and Charles.*

Char. **M**Y Dear *Jenny*! The Coast is clear, and we may now give a few Minutes to Love: why are you in Tears, my Dear?

Jen. How can I be otherwise, when I consider the Extremity I'm reduc'd to? To be importun'd every minute of my Life to submit to my Lord's criminal Desires; and to love a Person that I can no more see, without reproaching my own Conduct.

Air XIX. As the Snow in Valleys lying.

*Hapless is the tender Maiden,
Double Force her Breast invading;
Love and Fortune's tempting Wiles,
If the Charms of State can move her,
Then the secret sighing Lover,
Her believing Heart beguiles.*

Dear *Charles*, how cou'd you use me so, when you was here last?

Char. How cou'd I not, my Dear? 'Tis a properer Question, How you cou'd be so obstinate?—Love, Beauty, Desire, Pleasure, and a thousand Incentives plead my excuse: you have nothing but down-right Perverseness on your side.

Jen. Don't put it upon that footing, I beg you. Nor am I in a humour now for Raillery—my Heart is too full; and indeed you give me too much reason to imagine your Love, like that of the rest of the fine Gentlemen, to be nothing but secret Design. A real Love never appears in such a manner.

Char. I don't know what romantick Notions you have of Love; but I'm sure mine is of the stamp it bears all over the Town, the same that all the finest Gentlemen profess, and the finest Ladies encourage: but you, my Dear, are courting a Shadow, while I am offering you a Substance. Why Child, was I to make love in your Stile, I shou'd lose my Reputation

tation among the Beau-Monde, and be ridicul'd out of my Senses by all the Women that know any thing of the World: no, really *Jenny*, in all appearance I think I have most reason to question your Love.

Jen. Don't talk of that, for you're the only Man in the World I cou'd bear the sight of, after such an Affront.

Char. [*Aside.*] That's good ! Pardon for an Affront in these Affairs is half the Victory, and an Encouragement to make more Offers—don't think, my Dear, that I at all doubt of your Love; we hav'n't the least reason to question each other—you know I've told you a thousand times, I'd marry you, if my Fortune cou'd bear it.

Air XX. On a Bank of Flowers, &c.

*'Tis Gold is the cause of all our Woes,
And breeds eternal Strife*

*'Twixt Politicians, Bawds and Beaux,
Whore, Cully, Man and Wife:*

*The D---l take him who its use first profess'd,
Had it ne'er been known, I had now been blest'd:
With a fal la, &c.*

And as noble and great as the best.

Char. But really, I have so many Expences upon my hands, what with fine Clothes, Chair-hire, Taverns, Plays, and the like—

Jen. Indeed, my Dear, you must be a very deliberate Lover, to consider all these Inconveniencies.

Char. That's like a young Girl in love, indeed; marry upon Love, and regard nothing else!—why, my Dear, I wou'd n't do you so much Injury as to marry you, unless I cou'd keep you in a genteel way. You'd be wanting Pin-Money, and a thousand Things for Squander and State, that the Ladies now-a-days regard more by half than they do their

their Husbands—So Jenny, since that Affair is at present impracticable—why we may love one another a great deal more—look round the Town, and see if all the fine Gentlemen are n't more constant to their Mistresses than their Wives.

Jen. Nay, then I must hear you no more ; how can you insult me so?—What can be more ungenerous than to take Liberties upon the Presumption of a Person's loving you.

Air XXI. Ye Shepherds that adorn the gay Plain.

*I try'd not to love, but I try'd all in vain,
I harden'd with Hate, but I melted again ;
But now I'll persist, and no longer pursue
A Love so uncertain, a Lover so untrue.*

*Around all the World my fond Eyes shall range,
'Till they fix on a Lover that never will change ;
My Heart with his Heart shall in soft Sighs agree,
Forgetting that ever it breath'd one for thee.*

Char. Air XXII. Dear pretty Maid, don't fly me so.

*See, she flies as a Fawn,
That scuds o'er the Lawn,
When Tygers pursue to destroy.
Ah ! see, my Dear,
No Tyger is here,
I seek not to kill, but enjoy.*

Air XXIII.

*With Fawning and Lyes,
With Bribes and Disguise,
The Courtier and Statesman our Consciences seize on :
So the Spider her Nets,
With Artifice sets ;
And the Lover, the Lover, brings his Mistress to Reason.*

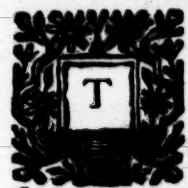
A C T



A C T II.

SCENE *Continues.*

Jenny alone.



HIS is the Crisis of my Fate! If he shou'd receive the News without any Emotion! I have a thousand Fears, he's as unsettled as Quick-silver, and there's scarce any such Thing as fixing him. A Person that has known the Sweetness of Bribery, or a Girl that has trusted her Honour with the Man she loves, is not more irreclaimable: how happy shou'd I be, if he was not quite so fine a Gentleman! He has a Heart capable of making him the most agreeable Man alive, cou'd he once be brought over from that Levity he has learn'd from knowing the World. If what I've done now, has no effect, he's gone for ever. Jealousy's the certain Touch-stone to try if a Man's Passion be counterfeit.

Air XXIV. Flocks are sporting, &c.

If a Lover

You'd discover,

Jealousy detects his ways;

If he's roving,

That will prove him,

If he's knowing

The least glowing,

That's the Gale which bids it blaze.

SCENE

SCENE II. *Jenny and Mrs. Jessamy.*

Mrs. *Jess.* Well, *Jenny*, I've been——Od's my life!—Thou art the best Girl. How cou'd you hold out so long? I thought I should persuade you to be happy at last.

Air XXV. A lovely Lass to a Friar came.
Girls think they're safe while their Virgin Heart
By the Shield of Virtue's surrounded,
Let Cupid with Gold once tip but his Dart,
They'll find thro' their Virtue they're wounded ;
The coy Maid
In spight of all its Aid,
Finds her Senses all confounded.

But why so dull, *Jenny*? Why, you look more as if you was hir'd to go to a Lord's Funeral, than his Bed! Well, come it does n't signify——I've heard the Gentlemen say, that an Air of Reluctance in a Mistress improves the Pleasure, and gives it a higher Gust.

Jen. Was his Lordship at home?

Mrs. *Jess.* Not his real Lordship——the other, Mr. *Charles*, was; I just hinted it to him.

Jen. And how did he receive the News of my Compliance? I suppose he was vastly pleas'd.

Mrs. *Jess.* O prodigiously! He gave himself Airs, and took Snuff, and seem'd so delighted. Ha! ha! ha! Is it so, Miss *Jenny*, says he; and so Madam, you see the Force of my Arguments? He seem'd to claim the Merit of it all to himself.

Jen. What a Wretch am I then? [Aside.

Mrs. *Jess.* O fee! here he comes.

SCENE III. *Jenny, Mrs. Jessamy and Charles.*

Mrs. *Jess.* YOUR Servant, Mr. *Charles*, what Expedition are you going upon, that you are so finely equipp'd? As I'm alive you make

a very pretty Figure! Well, Sir, you shall have your Fees, you shan't find that we want Generosity— But have you heard any thing of my Lord since I saw you?

Char. Yes, that he comes to Town this Evening, which occasions my coming to let you know it. Well, Miss *Jenny*, this is so good of you, and now you are going to make such an agreeable Figure in Life; my Lord will be so fond, and so kind, and you'll be so pretty and so loving.

Air XXVI. *Bacchus* one day gravely striding.

*O! What Bliss the Swain confounds,
When the Nymph no more afraid,
With kind Kisses heals the Wounds
Her Love-darting Eyes had made;
Gently like the billing Dove,
Yielding all her Soul to Love!*

Jen. O those things are mighty engaging. I'm surpriz'd I could ever be so stupid to refuse so good an Offer; especially to so pretty a Man as my Lord *Gaylove*.

Air XXVII. When *Gloe* we ply, &c.

*Who so dull to do less,
Than freely confess,
The Heart of a Lord to enthrall?
And he finely array'd
In Gems and Brocade,
Is all Ecstasy— Ecstasy all.*

I am quite at a loss how to behave, how shall I excuse my self for the Indifferency I show'd him.

Char. [*Aside.*] Faith! I'm afraid the Girl is in down-right earnest.

Mrs. Jess. Nay, Jenny, don't be too forward neither: Consider there are Settlements, and a thousand things before you show any thing of your Fond-

ness

ness—Why, Child, you do nothing at all if you don't make a good bargain for your self. My Lord may be weary of you in a Month or two; and then we shall have nothing to depend upon.

Char. And a Lady of Miss *Jenny's* Beauty and Modesty, with such a genteel Education, may make very great Demands—My Lord will comply with any thing.

SCENE IV. *Jenny, Mrs. Jessamy, Charles, and Servant.*

Serv. **M***Rs. Betty, from Lady Modely's is below, Madam.*

Char. What the Devil does she do here? Dear *Mrs. Jessamy*, contrive that she may n't see me. You know the Town talks of her Lady for my Lord, and if she shou'd see me here, 'twou'd confirm Lady *Modely's* Jealousy of Miss *Jenny*.

Mrs. Jess. Very true; we must take care of that. I'll go and ply her with Chat below Stairs, and you step off as you see convenient.

SCENE V. *Jenny and Charles.*

Char. **W***ELL, Jenny, what you are resolv'd then? This is a sudden Alteration, Jenny.*

Jen. You know our Sex is always wav'ring, we never know our own Minds long.

Air XXVIII.

*As turns the Fane with ev'ry Wind,
And varies with the Weather,
To ev'ry Quarter seems inclin'd,
But never fix'd to either:*

*E'en thus is the Maiden, so fickle her Heart,
When Beaux flock around from ev'ry part,
The Cit and Courtier subdue her by Turns,
Fix'd never to one, for a Dozen she burns.*

F

Besides

Besides Opportunities of this kind are n't to be neglected. My Lord, not to say a word of his Person, is generous and great; and I begin to see more pleasures in his Love, than I at first imagin'd. We may say as much as we will of our Virtue, but that Woman must have more Resolution than falls to the share of our Sex, who can long withstand the Addresses of a Lover that has a good Person, a good Air, and a good Estate.

Char. But then, *Jenny*,—Plague on it—What wou'd I say now?—Why you can never be in earnest. Don't you remember how you us'd to ridicule the fine Ladies for giving into these Notions?

Jen. True, but I'm weary of being singular—I've lost a deal of Time, but will do my utmost to recover it. Not a Lady in Town shall out-do me in the Circle of Gaieties, Vanities and Airs: The Diamonds round my Neck shan't vary their Colours more than I will my Pleasures and Inclinations.

Char. But, my Dear, do you consider the Consequences of these things? Have you no Notion of the Reproach that must result from this Conduct?

Jen. Dear Sir, give your self no uneasiness about that. I shall have no reason to blush. I shall have most of the Ladies of Fashion about Town to keep me in countenance. I wou'd n't chuse to lead in a particular Fashion; but when the Generality are come into it, I think one may appear in it, without being in the least ridiculous.

Char. And is all your Love come to this, *Jenny*? I always thought you to be sincere, whoever else I suspected.

Jen. Was ever any thing so absurd! Why I thought you knew the World too well, to expect to find a Woman long sincere now-a-days. You knew I lik'd you. You shou'd have taken me then. But you Men presume so much upon a Person's liking you, that you think you may bring 'em to your own Terms immediately.

Char.

Char. And you actually persist?

Jen. Most certainly!

Char. Certainly! Egad!— I'll see whether you are in earnest, or no, in a trice; and if she's not, why I only play her own Game against her. [*Aside.*

Air XXIX. Hark how the Trumpet sounds, &c.

*Let the vain Courtier pursue his Grace,
Tho' scorn'd let him cringe, and fawn for a Place;
Let the dull Lover despised by his Fair,
Live on in her Frowns, and pursue in Despair.*

*While I am neglected,
I'll ne'er live dejected,
But — thus I'm protected,
And here ends my Care,*

[He draws his Sword, and offers to fall on't.

Jen. O forbear, nor violate a Life much dearer than my own. What have I said? A thousand idle things, and from a Motive quite different from what you imagine.

Char. Can it be possible?

Jen. Did you think I cou'd ever forsake you? Or that I cou'd engage my self in the Life I talk'd of? Even then my Heart was full of Love. I thought you light and inconstant, and us'd that Artifice to try you. Don't think ill of me for the Attempt. What won't a Woman do to secure the Man she loves? especially when there is something of Cunning inherent in our very Natures.

Air XXX. Come take your Drink.

Char. *When Jenny's Air,
And Bloom so fair,
First struck my wilder Thought;
I meant to rove,
And play with Love,
But oh! my Heart was caught.*

Jen. *My Heart beguil'd
By one so wild,
'Twixt Pain, and Pleasure tost,
Fear'd lest untrue
You'd prove, nor knew,
To love, or hate you most.*

Char. Now, Jenny, let me ask you what you intended to have done, if my Lord himself had been at home?

Jen. I never regarded any Consequence, but that of trying your Love.

Char. Or how will you manage your Mother now?

Jen. Leave that to me, none like a Woman to deceive a Woman.

Char. If she shou'd persist, and my Lord come, you may deny your having ever consented. I have known some Ladies carry this Art of denying so far, as when a Gentleman, who lay with 'em two or three Nights ago, has offer'd to speak to 'em another time, to draw themselves up, look strange, and vow they never saw him in their Lives.

Jen. And now, my Dear—

Char. And now, my Dear, I am ready to comply with any of your Demands—I am going upon some Business of consequence into the City; and before I return—I'll manage things for conveying you off—I can't bear that you shou'd live under such a state of Importunity. We'll throw our selves upon Fortune, and let her provide for us.

Jen. Take with you that Ticket—which I bought without my Mamma's knowledge—'tis all that I have in the World, besides you, to depend upon. Manage it as you will, whether to continue it, or sell it: if Fortune wou'd but favour us now, all might be made easy; but she seldom assists those who are really in Distress, and want her most.

Air XXXI. The bonny Scot.

*The Goddess Fortune turns about
Unthoughtful, as she's giving;
Blesses the Rich, still leaves the Lout
To labour for his Living.
'Tis thus we find
She serves Mankind,
Yet still like Fools we court her;
Our Idol she,
Her Voi'ries we,
The Wise alone desert her.*

Char. Thou art a charming Girl! And I love thee more than ever.

Jen. Do you really love me?

Char. Love thee! Does a rich Alderman love Usury and Port?—Does his Wife love Patches and Intriguing?—Does a lewd Beau love Powder and a kept Mistress?—or a Country Squire's love Pride, Scandal, and Still-water? Do you think 'tis nothing, my Dear, to quit all the Gaiety of Life? No more to be gaz'd at by all the unmarried Ladies in Town? But be pointed at where-ever one goes, for a dull marry'd Man; to sit Evening after Evening at home with my Spouse, while the rest of the World are growing mad with Pleasure, and pursuing a thousand different Whims at once.

Jen. Continue this Love—and I defy Fortune, in any other point.

Char. But, my Dear, we've forgot that Mrs. Betty's below—I'll see if there's passage.

Jen. When shall I see you again?

Char. Soon as ever I've adjusted matters; for till then I'm unhappy.

Jen. Take care of Mrs. Betty?

SCENE

SCENE VI. *Jenny alone.*

TIS a terrible Thing to be so persecuted with that Creature's Visits; to be oblig'd eternally to listen to her nauseous Conversation, and to hear a thousand things, that are enough to shock any Heart that has the least Remains of Modesty, or else to be teaz'd with the insipid Chat of Coxcombs and Fashions: if this be knowing the World, let me ever live in Ignorance. But 'tis no wonder my Mamma encourages her Visits, since she thinks thereby to promote her own vile Designs upon me; tho' the unhappy Circumstances I am in, must of themselves expose me too much to these Inconveniencies. What a happy Effect had my Artifice! Tho' I've a thousand Fears for him, yet—I know him fickle and inconstant; but he's certainly of a generous Temper. A Lover's Hopes and Fears are so closely twisted together, that 'tis impossible to separate them.

SCENE VII. *Jenny and Betty.*

Bet. **D**EAR Miss *Jessamy*, how d' ye do? I've been chatting with your Mamma below; but I assure you my Visit was intended to you.

Jen. That's prodigious kind, Madam,—but you are—so well bred.

Bet. O my Dear, you'll make me think so indeed, to be complimented by so genteel a Lady as Miss *Jenny*; who even with a contempt of Breeding and Dress, is the most accomplish'd Lady about Town——Well! you are a charming Creature! Was ever any thing so prettily fancy'd as that Silk you have on! Then what a genteel Lace is that! And the manner of putting your things on!—

Jen. Good Madam, don't think you can please me at all in the Compliments, that regard my Outside. I'd rather have one Thing said to my Under-
standing,

standing, than a thousand to my Person; there you compliment things that are n't in my power; and the Milliner and the Mantua-maker, have a greater right to your Speeches.

Air XXXII. Dainty Davy.

*The vain Coquet with Ribbands dress'd,
With all the Rainbow at her Breast,
A Goddess thinks she stands confess'd*

By ev'ry Fool commended:

*The wiser Maid despises Show,
Nor dresses to delight a Beau,
Nor fears that all the World shou'd know
From Mortals she's descended.*

Bet. Fie! my Dear, d' ye think one does not compliment your Understanding, when one commends your Taste in Dress? — I know most of the Ladies in Town, and I'm sure they always reckon Dress among the first Accomplishments; such a Person, and such a genteel Behaviour, might command a Constancy from the most inconstant Man alive. And I'm sure Mr. Charles must be a very great Villain, ever to give you Occasion of Uneasiness.

Jen. I don't understand you, Madam, I wish you'd explain your self?

Bet. Nay, Miss Jenny, you need n't be afraid of me in the least: I assure you I am your very sincere Friend.

Jen. I wish, I knew what you meant, Madam.

Bet. Nay, you need n't look so strange, my Dear.

Jen. Strange! Madam! How strange?

Bet. I know very well that he likes you, and I know as well, he has Assurance enough to offer his Love to every Woman he likes—O he's quite a fine Gentleman!—and I'm sure, above all, that he wou'd n't be backward in his Applications to so agreeable a Lady as you.

Jen.

Jen. Designing Creature ! And what then, Madam ?

Bet. Why if he has, to my knowledge he uses you ill.

Jen. You seem to know a great deal of him, Madam.

Bet. Not so much as I might neither, Madam, perhaps.

Air XXXIII. 'Twas within a Furlong of *Edinburgh Town*.

*How much shou'd we pity the young artless Maid,
Whose too easy Heart by some Fop has been betray'd ;
And when e'er he'll sigh and pray,
Lends an Ear to all he'll say,
And as he advances, melts in Trances,
Languishing away ?*

*Alas ! poor Girl, how swiftly thro' the Air,
From the rifled Gardens the wanton Birds repair ;
While the tasted Fruit around
Now neglected falls to ground,
Nauseous to the Taste and Eye, neither fair nor sound !*

Bet. But I assure you, was he to use me so, I'd give him a Rival, to bring him to his Duty.

Jen. I'm prodigiously oblig'd to you, Madam, for your Friendship and Advice ; but I happen not to want it.

Bet. 'Twas but this Morning he engag'd in a Duel with a Friend, for a poor Country Thing just come to Town——O ! a young fresh Country Girl is as delightful to your Town Rakes, as Country Air is to a Person that is half choak'd with the Smoak of *London*.

Jen. [*Aside.*] O' my Conscience ! I begin to suspect him——By your Concern, Mrs. *Betty*, you seem to be jealous of him your self——'tis not unnatural to apply these things to me, if that be the Case——We are apt to think every body sees our Lovers with our own Eyes.

Bet. No, of all Mankind I hate him !——go but with me, I'll show you where he is by this time, coquetting it with no less than half a dozen at once.

Jen

Jen. [*Aside.*] Can he be so fickle?—Well, my Dear, you have a mind to go; you'll make but an odd Figure by your self, so I'll accompany you.

Bet. Well, put it upon what footing you please.

Jen. But where shall I tell my Mamma, I'm going?

Bet. I'll tell her I want your Opinion in a Suit of Head-clothes, I'm buying, — I'll manage that Affair.

SCENE VIII. A Tavern in Change-Ally—a Table, Bottles and Glasses——in which—at the Table, sit *Charles, Harry, Squire Noddy, George, Thomas, Isaac, Laurence, Molly, Nanny, Catharine, and Miss Sukey.*——

Air XXXIV. Come Neighbours now, &c.

Char. While plotting Statesmen form dull Schemes
Of War and Peace,
And Stocks Increase

In Brokers golden Dreams;

'Tis Love and Wine most fill our Mind:

But, if we Fortune smiling find,

With open Arms

We meet her Charms,

Like any Lads that's kind.

Chorus. Then we'll toss off our Bowls, and away with
dull Sorrow;

Grasp the kind present Hour, and trust Fate for to-morrow.

Char. [*Fills the Glasses.*] Come Ladies and Gentlemen, a Bumper to our Success—that the Wheel of Fortune may throw out thousands into our Laps.

[*They all drink, and the Chorus is repeated.*]

Har. That the World may see what genteel Figures we cou'd make in Life; and how necessary an Ingredient a Benefit Ticket is, towards the Composition of a fine Gentleman.

Sq. Nod. Oons! These be rare doings—a fine Gentleman! Why, I was never any thing of a Gentleman in my born days before. Why, we be all fine Gentlemen already; why the very Dress is

nine Parts in ten o' the matter ; why I cou'd rant and roar, bilk Whores, and knock down Constables, and break Windows with the finest Gentleman in Town.

Suk. Indeed, Mr. *Noddy*, you are mightily improv'd ; methinks I half begin to like you.

Sq. Nod. Like me ! Oons ! And I begin to like my self ; why is n't this better than following the Fox Hounds, or telling *Christmas* Stories, and selling Bargains in the Servants-hall, or Whoring in Parties with the Huntsman, and Tenants Sons ? Oons ! I'll be a Country Squire no longer.

Char. Why, Miss *Sukey*, your Lover comes on mightily.

Har. O mightily ! But good Ladies, and Gentlemen, don't let us raise our Expectations too high : for if we consider things rightly, we have but little reason to hope.

Geo. Very true, my Lord ; Men of Merit seldom meet with their Deserts.

Char. Well observ'd, Mr. *Bellfond* ! Men of Worth and Spirit are mad to expect great things from Fortune. What think you, Lady *Courtall* ?

Molly. In this, Fortune does n't act blindly at all.

Nanny. People of Spirit carry their Fortune in themselves.

Har. Right, Lady *Packum* ! As the Flint does its Fire, to throw it out upon proper Occasions.

Char. And by the Force of that Fire we play the Chymists, as well as she : for as she tries her Skill upon Lead, and turns the Dross of Mankind into Gold ; so while there are Fools left in the World, they are the Lead out of which we are to extract Gold.

Geo. The Foibles and Weaknesses of our Masters can never fail to support us like Gentlemen ; at least, if we only forbear running into a few of their Luxuries.

Char. Why then shou'd People wonder that we flatter, and encourage them in what the World calls Vices ?

Vices? since we are such Gainers by it. Why shou'd our Society differ from all others? Come Gentlemen, fill your own and the Ladies Glasses, that we may drink Prosperity to our honourable Body—Tho' we are Servants, and obedient to other People's Commands, yet we are all Men of Honour, and in our grand Councils, when the Welfare of the Society comes in competition with our private Interest, is there one of us that would belye his Conscience? [To Sukey] Come, my Dear, I'll fill your Glas.

Har. Nay, my Lord, no Infringement of Property.

Sq. Nod. Nay, and by your Lordship's Leave I'll help Miss Sukey my self—Ah! my little Sweet lips.

Suk. Indeed you are prodigiously gallant; O the wonderful Effects of a Livery!

[They fill their Glasses and drink.

Air XXXV. He that will not merry, merry be, &c.

Char. Come let us be merry, merry all,
And toss off our Glasses with a Glee;
Not the Sun in its Course beholds,
A jollier Company.

Chorus. Then here's to the Planet above,
That does on us so merrily shine;
'Tis his kind Ray that gives us Day,
And ripens the Grape of the Vine.

Tom. May the Society ever prosper, say I'—but d'ye hear, Lord Gaylove, you Gentlemen of the Town are shrewdly suspected of not having the Interest of your Friends in the Country at heart.

Char. Who dares to question our publick Spirit?

Isa. Nay, my Lord, keep your Temper!

Sq. Nod. O my Lord! pray keep your Temper—People shou'd never grow hot in these Debates: why if we don't take care, we shall squabble as bad as a Bench of Country Justices, when a Girl is brought before 'em for laying a Bastard to one of their Sons.

Isa. Then there's the Bill for Vails—whereby the Sums we are commanded to insist on, according to

People's Quality and Time of Stay, are too great ; that most of the Gentlemen in our Parts, chuse rather to give nothing than comply.

Cath. But I think Gentlemen, no mention has been made of a Bill, which very much affects us Ladies in the Country ;— I mean the Bill of Perquisites— commanding us not to accept of any Suit of Clothes, if the Lace and Fringes that belong'd to it be first ripp'd off ; and any never to accept any Suit that has been worn above two Months.

Suk. That was well urg'd, Mrs. *Catherine* ; for our Profits are thereby reduc'd to nothing : as our Mistresses burn their Lace and Fringe for their own use ; and never leave off a Suit under two Years wearing— Indeed, Gentlemen, you shou'd contrive things a little more in the favour of the Ladies.

Sq. Nod. O pray Gentlemen take care of the Ladies : Ods my life ! if they don't — I am a Member of the Society my self, and I'll make a Speech in their favour— E'gad I'll make a Speech [*Rises.*] I am surpriz'd Gentlemen— Gentlemen I am surpriz'd— and confounded, that in such a Country as ours, where all our Laws seem devoted to the Service of the Ladies, that, as the Lady who spoke last has observ'd, you shou'd not —

Char. Hold ! hold ! Squire, this is no proper Place to show your Eloquence in— Besides, you are no proper Member, as you are not in actual Service. Then there is no Occasion of Speeches on this Affair ; for depend on it, we shall always take care of the Ladies.

Molly. And in such a case you was to lay a Fine on the Taylors and Lacemen, to be rais'd out of the next new Suit.

Cath. Then there's the Bill, forbidding us to take less than five Guineas for the Conveyance of a Billet-doux— I have lost many a Guinea by that. People in Town, I know, don't regard such Expences, but I'm sure those in the Country have n't such plenty of
Money,

Money, and are often forc'd to drop their Intrigues thro' the Extravagancy of the Fees.

Charl. Come, let's have no more of these Party-Disputes—If there's any thing amiss, it shall be remedy'd the next Session. We have all of us a publick Spirit, and that not only for own private Constitution, but for the Nation in general.

Air XXXVI. A Curse on all Cares.

*No more let Debate
Embarass the State,
For while our Hours we improve;
In a Bottle and Love
Our Rights are secure ;
And of this we are sure.*

Chorus. *What Party soever prevails in the Nation,
Our Coat will flourish, and still be in Fashion.*

Har. Is not the Publick vastly beholden to us, for promoting and encouraging our Masters Foibles?

Geo. Did n't we ply 'em with pretty Girls, 'twou'd be impossible for 'em to disperse their Fortunes in half so expeditious and genteel a manner.

Molly. Did n't we fill our Ladies Ears with pretty Fellows, and rally 'em when they are asham'd or afraid of their Intrigues, their Amours cou'd never be carried on with any Spirit.

Cath. Did n't we assist 'em in the Prosecution of 'em, there wou'd be so many Difficulties, that People wou'd be quite dishearten'd.

Nanny. So that they cou'd n't contract their Estates in striving to outvie one another in Dress, Equipage, Entertainments, and other kinds of Profusion, in order to make fine Figures in the eyes of each other.

Char. By which they'd become less dependant upon abler Heads in the Management of national Affairs, and consequently cou'd n't be so serviceable to the Publick.

Har.

Har. Besides, what innumerable Trades are there, entirely supported by their Luxury and Extravagance?

Suk. Then the Tea-Tables wou'd want Chat.

Sq. Nod. Tea-Tables want Chat!—What while they are under the Government of the Petticoat? No faith! not so neither, Miss *Sukey*. Why Tea is the best Diuretic in the World for the Tongue, as well as—You understand me Miss *Sukey*?

Suk. I never knew you ever had any Meaning yet.

Sq. Nod. Why it sets you a running at both Ends together, that's all.

Char. Very true! and then the Coffee-houses wou'd want News.

Geo. And the Poets, Subjects of Satyr.

Nanny. Yes, the Discovery of an Intrigue is as good as a Dose of Spirit of Hartshorn: it makes Discourse circulate briskly, brightens up the Wit, and promotes a deal of ill-natur'd Pity round all the Quadrille-Tables, from *White-Chappel* to *St. James's*.

Enter to Charles a Porter.

Por. Sir, I've been with the Register as you order'd me, who tells me your Ticket is come up a Blank.

Char. I'm satisfied——Bid the Drawer bring some more Wine. [Exit. Porter.]

Air XXXVII. This great World is a Trouble.

Tho' Fate frowns still, kind Bacchus

In our bumper'd Glass shall smile;

Wine, and Women can make us

Blest, and our Cares beguile;

Let not your Hearts be troubled,

All once in Life are bubbled;

'Midst Friends, who thinks on Foes,

On cares how Fortune goes?

All. We pity your ill-fortune from our Hearts.

Cha. Let not my private Loss afflict you. I shou'd have blush'd if Fortune's Wheel had thrown
out

out a Prize to me, while Blanks by hundreds fell on
Hundreds round me.

Geo. He bears his Misfortunes nobly.

Char. Thus, Gentlemen, you see how little we are to
depend upon Fortune. She's a slippery Slut! and
takes delight in deceiving, like many great Ladies.
She grows coy upon too much careffing, and will
voluntarily throw the Favour into your Lap when
you cease to court her.

Enter a Drawer.

Draw. Is Lord Gaylove here?

Char. Who wants him?

Draw. Two Ladies in Chairs below, who said
they knew he was here, and must speak with him. I
cou'd scarce prevent their coming up stairs with me.

Cha. No, I'm not here, be sure to deny me—'tis
impossible for a Man of Quality to have a Minute
to himself for the many impertinent People that are
crouding in upon him continually.

SCENE VII. *Jenny and Betty break in, as the
Drawer goes out.*

Char. **N**OW I'm in a fine Condition indeed!—
Your Servant, Ladies, this is a prodi-
gious Favour, and what I did n't in the least expect.

Bet. Indeed so I imagin'd! you faithless Wretch!
What business have you here with these Ladies?
How can you have the Impudence to use me so?

Air XXXVIII. *Ranting Roaring Billy.*

The worst of all Fools is a Fop,

Drest up in lac'd Hat and Cockade,

With Wig all plaister'd on Top,

To distinguish a dull Blockhead.

How he'll sigh in the Ear of a Maid,

What Wonders he can do;

Poor Girl she'll find what he said,

Much more than he can stand to.

Sirrah!

Sirrah! I'll be the death of you, I will. Why my Lord himself cou'd n't use an old Acquaintance worse.

Jen. Cou'd n't you be contented, my Dear, with making me too, so unhappy? What had I done that I must be miserable? How barbarous is it in Men to strive to gain a Woman's Love, to gratify their own Vanity.

Air XXXIX. Sweet's a Little, &c.

Smooth and beguiling

When the Sea's smiling,

Its Face we distrust, and its Treachery we know;

The Snake gliding,

All avoiding,

Dreads its Youth, and beautiful Glow.

Yet we're believing,

—Man deceiving,

Poisonous, and false, and as fatal a Foe.

Bet. See there again, Sir, this is a new Discovery—How have you the impudence to make Pretensions there, when you know how things stand with your Lord? O my conscience! never a Minister of State has more Flatterers, than thou hast Mistresses! Thou hast more Amours than the Popish Calendar has Saints, one for ev'ry Day in the Year won't suffice you.

Char. Well, Ladies, when you've done—I know your Sex can't bear to be interrupted—Indeed *Jenny*, you behave very sillily in this Affair.

Jen. My Heart is too delicate to see these things without Emotion. You know I never affected to be a fine Lady. I can never see a Lover, and a Husband in a manner flirting and coquetting it with all the Girls in Town, without some kind of Concern.

Char. But why won't you grow a little more polite?

Bet. Nay, my Lord, if I am n't worthy to be taken notice of—

Char. I thought your Ladyship knew too much of the World, to expect me to show any Fondness in publick—People upon our intimate footing shou'd never know one another before any body.

Bet.

Bet. Why this is worse and worse, you impudent Devil! why you wou'd n't insinuate into the Company that you have any Intrigue with me, wou'd you? No, 'tis enough for your Miss Jennys to be deceiv'd so far as that.

Jen. Indeed your Ladyship might have spar'd that Compliment; to be sure, Madam, you know the Ways of Men too well, to be deceiv'd by any of 'em?

Bet. If you had half the Experience, Madam, you never had been so fond of that Fellow.

Jen. Indeed, I believe your Ladyship doesn't want Experience.

Bet. I find, Madam, you can be very free upon Occasion.

Air XL. Some say Women are like the Sea.

Char. Hence vain Woman, or cease your Note,

Bet. What Man can stop a Woman's Tongue?

Char. None—unless he stops her Throat,

Death alone can end her Song.

Bet. Villain! I hate you worse than Hell,

Char. Madam, I like you just as well.

Both. Our Minds, Minds, Madam, our Minds
They run in a Parallel.

Char. Come Jenny, I believe you had better drop the Engagement: Lady Modely will be too hard for you.

Bet. What d'ye mean, Sir? d'ye make me a Scold as well as a Whore, Sir? I'll never be serv'd so, I won't.

Char. 'Tis a strange thing that a Woman can't love a Man to any degree, without exposing her self to the whole World.—Pray, Betty, be pacify'd—if you consider Things rightly, you have not so much Reason to be uneasy.—Why shou'd

H

you

you expect to find me constant, and differ so much from the Rest of the fine Fellows about Town? You know all their Hearts are meer Looking-Glasses, that catch ev'ry Object that comes before 'em.

Bet. And I wou'd they were so easily broken! I'd dash thee to pieces with as much Pleasure as ever an ugly Woman did hers, when it did not flatter her enough.

Air XLI. Denoyer's Minuet.

Jen. *Inconstant Youth, behold a Maid,
Whose Virgin Heart thou hast betray'd,
O turn once more that Face to see
Which frown'd on Lords to smile on thee.
From all the World she turn'd her Sight,
On thee to gaze, her chief Delight,
Titles and Wealth might others move,
Thy Jane's Ambition was her Love.*

Char. Indeed, *Jenny*, you're the most unfashionable Lover; why, you shou'd learn to disguise your self upon these Occasions.—'tis quite wrong to run dangling after me thus.—If I was n't the most particular Creature alive, I shou'd hate you for it.——Women shou'd never let Men know how much they love 'em. We generally pursue you as Sportsmen do Foxes, only for the Sake of the Chace. When we've caught you, we don't care a Half-penny for you.——Well, *Betty*, now for a Word.

Air XLII. Maidens as fresh as a Rose, &c.

Bet. *Villain away to the Rose,
There try your raking Rallery,
Or your vile Manners disclose
To some kind Nymph of the Gallery:*

AN OPERA

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*A Pint with your Kisses then mix,
And they'll not fail to give to ye,
She, Sir, may shew you her Tricks,
Fit for your Frant and Livery.*

[Betty Exit in a Passion.]

SCENE. *All but Betty.*

Char. **F**Aith she makes her *Exit* gloriously! no slighted Heroine in a Tragedy cou'd have show'd her Anger and Resentment with a better Air.

Sq. Nod. You don't do well, my Lord, to use a Person who has an Affection for you with such Contempt.

Char. Sir, you don't know her, if you say I wrong her, I thought every one was acquainted with her Ladyship's Character, she's a meer Wisp of Straw, a Touch sets her on fire.

Suk. Did n't you mark her, how she foam'd and crack'd her Fan; and made more Noise and Sputtering than a green Faggot in a Country Farmer's Chimney?

Sq. Nod. Egad, my little Lafs, I wish I was to put my Match to you, I'd set you a sputtering in a much better Manner.

Char. Come Ladies, sit down pray Gentlemen!—We'll have more Wine.—Wine is the greatest Specific to soften or make us disregard the Frowns of Fortune and our Mistresses.

Air XLIII. Against Keepers we petition.

Char. *If in Heart or Brain Sedition,
Be rais'd by Fate or Woman,
Let Bacchus be your Physician,
'Tis he can Health bestow, Man:*

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The

The FOOTMAN.

*The Juice of the Vine
Is Balsam Divine,
That can heal both the Heart and the Brain;
If Fortune still worse,
Won't replenish your Purse,
Replenish your Glass,—Drink again.*

Jenny, persuade the Ladies to sit down.

Har. No, 'tis full time to go, as the Ladies have a mind to take a Turn or two in Guild-hall this Afternoon.

Jen. I am sorry that my coming shou'd disturb this good Company.—But I hope you'll pardon me.

All. O Madam. [They take their Leave affectedly.]

SCENE, Charles and Jenny.

Char. WELL, Jenny, don't you think you've been and expos'd your self sufficiently?

Jen. Don't talk of that! What won't a Woman do, that loves like me? Wou'd you cou'd judge of my Passion by your own! how cou'd you ever think of an Intrigue with that Creature?

Char. Fie Jenny! how can you be so unfashionable? You shou'd never enquire into your Lover's, nor even your Husband's Amours; no body does, every body is left to do as they have a mind.—But did n't you hear how flatly she deny'd any such thing? And can I help it, if a Girl will be fond? And show it to the World?

Jen. But, pray, who were those Faces that I never saw before?

Char. Only a Country Girl or two, that had a mind to try their Fortune in the Lottery, and came hither for that Purpose—your Ticket, my Dear, drew

An OPERA.

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drew me hither to accompany them.—But I am always the unluckiest Dog! I had an Account of its coming up a Blank the Moment before you came into the Room.

Jen. Then those Hopes are fled. What an unfortunate Wretch am I? If it had come up well, I was in hopes it might have endear'd me the more to you.

Char. My Dear, thou art too good for the Times! my Love is scarce capable of Increase; a Man must be a Brute, not to be struck with such a charming Person, and so generous a Disposition. I'll wait on you home, and then go settle Matters for marrying you. I don't question but I shall be capable of supporting you in a tolerable genteel Manner. I'll retrench my Superfluities, and as you affect nothing of Gaudiness, you shall make as decent, tho' not as glaring a Figure, as any Lady about Town.

Air XLIV. Sally.

Cha. *The Rich and Great*

Tho' drawn in State

In Coaches all and Sixes;

Jen. *Can ne'er agree,*

To love, as we,

Since Love, not Wealth, cou'd fix us,

Cha. *A Maid like you,*

Jen. *A Lad so true,*

Cha. *A Heart sincere as Jenny's;*

Jen. *Is hardly known*

Cha. *In all the Town,*

Jen. *And can't be bought for Guineas.*

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The FOOTMAN.



ACT III.

SCENE, Guild-Hall.

Harry and Sukey.

Suk.  Lud! I'm frighten'd out of my Wits
—they'll think prodigious things,
to see you and I missing so long.

Har. I give 'em leave to think, if
that's all; but indeed, my Dear, I'd have you con-
sider what I have been persuading you to; you
are mad, if you refuse him any longer.

Suk. Yes, to be sure, now you have your will
of me, you are for fobbing me off—but I won't
be serv'd so, I won't.

Air. XLV. Come hither good People, both aged
and young.

The Beaux to the Ladies their Passions pretend

To serve but a turn, as the Courtier's their Friend,

But all is forgot when they've compass'd their End.

With a derry, derry, up and down, &c.

Har. You quite mistake me, my Dear; I only
do it to secure you to myself in a genteeler way—
Suppose he be a Dolt, why, you may make a
shift to endure him, and go to bed to him, and
so—I don't propose your having much Rapture
—Reserve all that for your humble Servant—
Why, 'twill make you quite a fine Lady, get a
good Settlement, and secure a pretty Fellow in
Petto

Petto that you like ; and you may make it a very happy and fashionable kind of Life—But see, here they come ! pray consider this Affair.

Suk. Well, any thing for the sake of being a fine Lady.

SCENE II.

Squire Noddy, George, Thomas, Isaac, Lawrence, Molly, Nanny, and Catherine.

Suk. O Lord ! I have been so frighten'd ; how cou'd you lose one in such a strange Place ?

Molly. Why we thought you had been with us, and didn't miss you till we came hither.

Sq. No. And then we went to see a Show in the next Street there.

Suk. O Lud ! What did you see there ?

Sq. No. Why, there was a Nest of Snakes that was taken out of a Politician's Head—There was a Bag full of a Statesman's Promises, and a Whore's Protections of Love.

Suk. O Filthy !

Sq. No. Then there was a Collection of Guineas, whose Heads, like *Friar Bacon's* Brazen one, had the power of Speech ; some of 'em gave a true and mournful Account how many abuses they had underwent in the hands of Town-Rakes, how many Taverns, Physicians, and Whores they had paid ; and what Conversation they had heard in the Cabinets of most of the Princes in Christendom.

Molly. Well, but have you heard what luck my Lord *Gaylove* has had in the Lottery ? He has got a Ten-Thousand-Pound Prize.

Suk. Why his Ticket came up a Blank before we left him.

Nanny.

Nanny. You confound the Persons, my Dear; her Ladyship, means the other Lord Gaylove.

Suk. Bless me, that such People should get Prizes! if I had got it, what abundance of fine things I might have done.

Sq. No. Nay, Miss *Sukey*, don't talk so neither— You may do abundance of fine things yet if you'll accept of my Proffers. I don't see any reason you had to put into the Lottery. Besides, I don't love to see Women love Gaming, there's never any thing got by Gaming of any kind.

Air. XLVI. The Countess of Castlemain.

Says the Beau when he has just won the Main,
Shall I throw at your Ladyship, once again?

Once again, once again, &c.

Yes if you please, kind, Sir,—a Nick;

And now I have play'd you Trick for Trick,

Trick for Trick, &c.

Why, I'll keep you a Coach, and you shall do abundance of fine things yet.

Cath. O Mr. Noddy! Why will you tickle her Vanity so?

Suk. Vanity! Airs!

Cath. Yes, indeed, London is a very improving Place.

Air. XLVII. Ye Beaus of Pleasure, &c.

Cath. *How Vain the Lads is,*

When prais'd her Face is,

For Charms and Graces

Of Fops the Toast.

Suk. *So Fond to bill is,*

A stale old Phillis,

But vain her Will is,

When Beauty's lost.

Molly.

Molly. 'Tis prodigious! How apt these Country Ladies are to quarrel with one another?

Har. Well, but don't you think 'tis time to go to Mrs. *Jeffamy's* Assembly?

Nanny. Yes, certainly!

Har. Then here are Coaches, we'll take a couple and away.

SCENE III. *Mrs. Jeffamy's House.*

Mrs. Jeffamy and *Jenny* dress.

Mrs. Jeff. YES, I suppose she had you out for no good. I know her and her ways too, very well. She's a very Canker, that will eat into the most refin'd Virtue: one of your Ladies of Spirit, who under the notion of Friends and Visitors, are always a setting you a-gog with their Talk of pretty Fellows and Intrigues: with the marry'd, ridiculing, and drolling upon their Husbands, they have their Lures for the unmarried too.

Air. XLVIII. Lilliburlero.

*When the gay Confidant with her Eloquence pat
Runs out in the praise of a Frolicksome Life,
And with dear pretty Fellows enriches her Chat,
Look well to your Daughter, and lock up your Wife.*

*Not Embraces and Kisses,
Caresses and Blisses,*

*That Joan and my Lady so oft have betray'd,
So soon win the Heart,*

As her Tongue, and her Art:

Still sure of Success with Wife, Widow, and Maid.

Pray, what Temptations had she for you, Madam? Whose Balls? what pretty Coxcomb?

Jen. I am glad, Madam, you've so much tenderness for me, as not to let any one have the debauching of me but your self.

Mrs. *Jess*. And who has a better right than your Mother? Hussy! I see now the meaning of your Obstinacy: you're like the rest of your Sex, Hussy! and have a mind to be debauch'd your own way, and by your own Fellow, I suppose. Come, pray Madam, now you're drest, go into the Assembly-Room, and entertain the Company, if any of 'em shou'd come before I return. See that the Boy gets the Wax-Candles, and the Cards, and Tables all in order; and dispose the Room to the best Advantage: and at Night when the Company is gone, put on your best Looks, to receive his Lordship—He's come to Town, and has sent his Compliments to you—I sent him word that I'd wait on him, to let him know how things went.

Jen. Dear Mamma, I can never comply. At a distance I did n't think my Compliance so dreadful; but now I'm so near, my Blood freezes at the thought of it.

Air. XLIX. The new yellow-hair'd Laddy.

*Young Soldiers in Peace void of Fear,
Boldly swagger, and wish for a War;
When in the Fields of Mars they appear,
They shrink at his dreadful Alarms:
Thus boldly at first young Girls comply,
Soft Love's scarless Combat to try,
When like Mars their Lovers draw nigh,
They tremble, and fly from his Arms.*

Mrs. *Jess*. What, d'ye recant? Hussy! that shan't do, I promise you. D'ye think his Lordship, and I, will be made such Fools of? I assure you, you had best receive him, and with a good Grace too, for come he shall—Why you would not turn Jilt at last?

Jen. Dear Mamma, don't make me more miserable than I am already—I'll bear Poverty, Ignominy,

miny, and Contempt, any thing that the Malice of the World can heap upon me, let me but preserve my Honour, with that I shall want nothing; and without it, in the midst of all the State in the World, I shall want every thing.

Mrs. *Jess*. Let me go: It does n't signify to trifle with me! for it shall be so.

SCENE IV.

Jenny alone.

WHAT a strait am I reduc'd to! my Heart is just bursting with Sorrow; why shou'd Virtue be so distress'd?—Innocence can never be a Crime—Yet the Murderer and Robber have not so many Enemies. How difficult is it for Women, especially the Necessitous, to preserve their Virtue! but how ungenerous is it for a Gentleman to take the Advantage of a Wretch's Misfortunes to undo her! We have all an equal right to be happy; what Authority then has any one to rob us of our Innocence, which is the only Charter of that Happiness?

Air L.

*Pure as the Virgin Snow appears,
The spotless Virgin's Name,
Unfully'd white her Bosom bears,
As fair her Form and Frame:
But when she's soil'd, her Lustre greets
The admiring Eye no more;
She sinks to Dirt, defiles the Streets,
And swells the Common-Shore.*

SCENE V.

Jenny and Charles.

Char. **O** My Dear Jenny! I suppose you've heard of my Disgrace?

Jenny. What Disgrace has happen'd to thee? Must I hear of nothing but Misfortunes?

Char. Shou'd you hear, Jenny, that I am stript of all my Offices and Honours, woud'st thou persist in loving me?

Jenny. Can'st thou question it? But speak, don't hold me in suspense?

Char. Think how contemptible a Figure a discarded Minister makes, and look at me, scorn'd and upbraided by Wretches that liv'd too lately upon my Smiles.

Jen. And can it be?

Char. Just so, my Dear—I've resign'd my Staff—As to the Cause of my being thrown aside, I'm ignorant—But I suppose, 'tis upon your account, Jenny; for serving my self like other great Men, more than my Master.

Air. LI. Send home my long-stray'd Eyes, &c.

*My Honesty I never sold,
Nor ever wrong'd my Trust for Gold;
Let others prize the shining Bait,
Of Sin the Wages, and Deceit;
Those Eyes alone cou'd gain on me,
Truth and Falshood there agree,
False to him, to be true to thee.*

Jen. There vanish'd all my Prospects of Happiness.

Air LII. Whilst I fondly view the Charmer.

*Now I've try'd thy Frowns, O Fortune!
(All ye Golden Dreams, adieu!)*

What

*What vain Maid wou'd set her Heart on
One, who joys to be untrue.
Love invok'd with soft Devotion
Be my Pilot, with thy Art,
Safe thro' Fortune's stormy Ocean,
Steer to Shore my sinking Heart.*

What can be done? whence cou'd this Shock come? and my Mamma is gone this moment to my Lord, with a Resolution to give me up to his Embraces. O my Dear! how did I ever detest the Thought! but now, how much more than ever! I did my utmost to dissuade her, but in vain—There is certainly nothing in Nature so inflexible as a Woman that has lost her Virtue.

Char. Persist in these Resolutions, *Jenny*, and I'm happy—He'd give the World to obtain his Desires: in that Point I shall triumph over him with all his Titles.

Jen. I hope you don't in the least suspect me?

Char. But, my Dear, suppose he uses force; what are you, oppos'd to him?

Jen. He dies, if he attempts it—But, my Dear, what will become of you? It kills me to think I shall be depriv'd of such frequent Opportunities of seeing you.

Char. I wou'd never live a Moment out of my *Jenny's* sight; but necessity will force me from thee for some time, and perhaps, when I return, it may be with Good-Fortune, and in a Condition more worthy of thy Love.

Jen. Whither wou'd you go?—It won't be long—O think what a Life I am to lead? and don't leave me?

Char. My Affairs are so desperate, that I shall be oblig'd to leave *England* for a time: so that I propose to embark immediately for *France*; where I've Relations that may set me again above the Frowns of the World.

Jen.

Jen. Is it possible you can love me, and think of leaving me so long?

Char. My Heart bleeds, while I speak it, but I must go—I may return sooner than either of us imagine, and make a finer Figure than ever, as other fine Gentlemen have done before me.

Air LIII. Lochaber.

*Farewell to my dearest, and farewell to my Jane,
Thou Joy of my Heart, and Delight of my Eyen,
While the Winds in rough Storms, whirl me over
the Main,*

Be thou true, and the Storms, shall all threaten in vain.

Jen. Ah! take thy Jane with thee, and I'll beg ev'ry Wind
To breathe soft, as thou liest on my Bosom reclin'd,
When the Seas roll to Mountains, I'll pray 'em to
cease,

Till ashore we embrace one another in Peace.

Jen. My Dear, you shall never leave me behind you.

Char. I cou'd n't bear to see you in such Dangers; those delicate Limbs were never made to engage with Storms and Tempests; to suffer Want, and a thousand Difficulties that I may be expos'd to.

Jen. What are those Difficulties to a Heart like mine?

Char. But, my Dear, my Fortunes are at so low an Ebb, that I have scarce sufficient to support myself in my Passage—This Ticket that was just now paid me, as part of a Debt, I leave with you. We've little reason to depend on Fortune; yet I advise you to keep it: shou'd it turn out any thing tolerable, it may support you in my Absence, independent of your Mamma, if you can't live easy with her—And now, my dear Jenny, give me a last Embrace—I am distracted to think of leaving you—You've got such hold of my Inclinations, that I can't get away.

Air

Air LIV. Why will *Florella*, when I gaze.

Char. *The Gold-Finch thus beside the Spring,
Where Boys their Bird-lime lay,
Flutters in vain his little Wings,
To quit the fatal Spray.*

Jen. *Thus o'er the expiring Candle plays
The Flame, and faintly burns ;
Yet loth to loose its hold, the Blaze
Dies off, and lives by turns.*

SCENE VI. *Jenny, Charles, and Betty.*

Bet. **W**HERE is this dear perfidious Man ?
Char. Is't possible thou canst be constant too, in my declining Fortune ! I never expected this from you, *Betty*. The generality of Ladies are meer Flies, that flutter round us only in our brighter Hours.

Bet. Hadst thou but half my Constancy, thou might'st have still retain'd thy Post and Honour.

Air LV. The Deceiver.

*When Jealousy invades the Heart,
Where Love did once reside,
Reason in vain wou'd take her part,
It conquers even Pride :
Quite mad with Ire,
The Maid like Fire,
Now reigns without Controul;
With envious Joy
• Doom'd to destroy,*

The Darling of, the Darling of, the Darling of her Soul.

Bet. — With Tears I speak it, but 'tis I have wrong'd you.

Char. Ha !

Bet. Alarm'd with thy ill Usage of me, I resolv'd upon thy Destruction, and flew to inform my Lady

Lady, of Lord Gaylove's Amour with Miss Jenny; and thy treacherous Part in it, knowing that her Jealousy wou'd fire her against his Lordship, from which your Ruin must ensue.

Char. Enough! I'll guess the Rest.

Jen. Can a true Love pursue its Object to Destruction?

Bet. I thought I cou'd have seen thee torn in pieces with pleasure. There was n't a Curse, I did n't wish to light upon thee—But to show how little we know, what we wou'd have, see how unhappy I am in thy Disgrace.

Char. How can we be cautious enough, what Amours we make, when if one escapes the rougher Passions of a Woman's Mind, their very Love may destroy.

Air LVI. *Tweed-Side.*

Char. *What Dangers in Love! [Jenny. and what Pain!*

Char. *What Woes, tho' of Love we're secure!*

Bet. *And ah! what are those of Disdain!*

Jen. *When Success 'tis too hard to endure!*

Char. *Yet to see the Fair melt thus and sigh,
Who'd not the soft Passion pursue?*

Bet. *Its Fortune what Girl wou'd n't try,*

Jen. and Bet. *To be blest, or unhappy with you?*

Jen. How like Fire is Love! what in Nature so beneficial, while kept within Bounds and restrain'd?—But when once it breaks out, what so destructive and dreadful?

Char. Come Jenny, don't be so dejected, and pray Betty leave off this whining.—Indeed I thought you had been too fine a Lady to have carry'd your Love to such Extravagance—I imagin'd you had us'd it only as Children do Toys, to divert an idle Hour or so; or that you look upon a Gallant in the
same

same View with other Ladies of Condition, only as a necessary Part of their Equipage, which if lost, might be repair'd at the next Shop.—Your Pride, *Betty*, was the chief Thing that I fear'd.

Bet. And what cou'd you expect less than Ruin from even that? What Animal is there fiercer than a Woman, that thinks well of her self, when she sees she's neglected?

Char. Well, *Betty*, if it was only upon that Consideration, I forgive thee—*Jenny* and you too must embrace in Friendship; if 'tis possible for Women in your Circumstances to do so. (*They embrace.*) At least you may do like other fashionable Ladies, compliment and talk rapturously to one another's Faces, and pull one another to pieces, when you turn your Backs.

Jen. Bless me! here's my Mamma come back, what shall I do to escape her? To be sure she has heard all.

Char. O give her Way! that's the surest Method to appease an enrag'd Woman. Throw up the Rein, and she'll soon run her self off her Speed.

S C E N E VII. Mrs. *Jessamy* to them.

Mrs. *Jess.* **S**O, Madam! you have behav'd your self very prettily indeed! I thought there was something more than ordinary in all your Virtue, and Honour, and the Lord knows what. You dissembling Slut you! why there is n't a Lady about Town cou'd have put on a better Mask of Virtue to deceive a Mother or a Husband.—And so after all the pains I have taken, you must prostitute your self at last.

The FOOTMAN.

Air LVII. Colin's Complaint.

Jen. *Tho' sweeter than Roses his Kiss,
And his Words than soft Streams in their Fall,
Yet indeed I ne'er granted the Bliss,
My Virtue was sweeter than all.
Tho' fresh as a Morning in May,
And melting as Midsummer Air,
He appear'd—yet I ne'er went astray,
My Virtue was dearer by far.*

And as to that, indeed, Mamma, you injure me.

Mrs. Jeff. You lye, you Slut. How can you have the Assurance to say so? D'ye think I don't know this Coxcomb, well enough to be certain that he wou'd n't miss his Opportunity? You audacious Hussy! thou art none of my Child, I'm sure.—And you, Sir, you are a pretty Gentleman. I wonder what the Devil you think of your self—What Business had you to debauch my Daughter?

Air LVIII. Merleton,

Char. *If the Cheats of Knaves and Villains,
And the Tricks of each Degree,
And a Woman's Words were—Shillings,
Lord! how rich we then shou'd be!
Fal, dera, &c.
Lord! how rich we then shou'd be!*

Mrs. Jeff. What d'ye make fun of me?

Air LIX. Cold and Raw, &c.

Char. *There were four Ladies at Quadrille,
Sing Fala, fala, &c.
There were four Statesmen hatching of Ill,
Sing Fala, fala, &c.*

Who

*Who play'd the best Cards is yet not known,
Sing Fala, fala, &c.*

*And which is the Way to London Town?
Sing Fala, fala, &c.*

Bet. Pray, Madam, let the Gentleman alone, he does n't know what he says or does.

Mrs. Jeff. Yes, Madam, and I know you too. What cou'd I expect better from the Company she kept? She might have as well gone into the Fire without being burnt.

Air LX. Young Cupid I find.

Bet. Good Mother, I find,

You're to Passion inclin'd,

I wou'd advise you to take off a Dram;

Tb' Effect of a Glas,

If well it shou'd pass,

Wou'd much alter the Case,

And make you as still as a Lamb,

A Lamb,

And make you as still as a Lamb.

Mrs. Jeff. You take prodigious Liberties, Madam, considering you are in my House too. But I shall fit you all, I believe. Come, Madam, go you to your Closet, and Repentance. You shall never deceive me again, I warrant you—Is this your Virtue? Why, you Brat, I expected you shou'd have supported me handsomely in my old Age, and to make your self so cheap already.

Char. Then, Madam, since you provoke me to speak—I assure you, I love your Daughter too well to hurt her.

Mrs. Jeff. What, d'ye think me as great a Fool as she, to believe you? Get you out of my House, Sir, I've no room for such People. We shall soon see

what a Figure you'll make, now you're out of Commission: What a genteel slovenly Beau you'll make, when your Clothes are worn shabby, and your Stock of Money exhausted.

Air LXI. Sweet are the Charms of her I love.

Jen. *Nature to Pity has inclin'd*

To human Pain the generous Heart. [to her.

Bet. — *Nor any but the savage Mind,*

With keen Reproaches adds a Dart,

Jen. [To him] *Nature for Thee, each Heart must move,*

Both. *At once to Pity and to Love.*

Char. Well, Ladies, this Tendernefs of yours softens all her Insults. And now I go—My dear Jenny, persist in your Resolutions, and I am happy, [embraces her.] Betty, you have forgiven me as I do you. [He embraces her.] If we ever meet again, 'twill be upon a happier Occasion.

Mrs. Jess. Poor Gentleman! where's all your Sprightliness now? Come, Sir, no more Fooling.

Char. Dear Jenny!—I'm quite sunk.—

Air LXII. Wou'd Fate to me Belinda give.

The wounded Linnet thus away

To the next secret Covert flies,

And silent mourns the live-long Day,

Pierc'd with Anguish,

There to languish,

Till he flags his Wings and dies.

SCENE VIII.

Mrs. Jessamy, Jenny and Betty.

Jen. **N**OW what a Wretch am I!
Mrs. Jess. Not so much of that neither. I fancy it won't be impossible to find another

as agreeable—Come, Child, now he's gone, dry up your Tears, and promise to think of him no more, and I'll forgive you: tho' you shou'd have made a better Bargain for your self, indeed, *Jenny*. Come, Lady *Modely*, forgive what I said in my Anger, you know we are strange things when we are provok'd; I did not say as I thought—Don't you think *Jenny* had better think no more of this matter? We may manage things with my Lord yet; if she has play'd the Fool, and trusted him too far, we may easily persuade my Lord as to that, 'tis what is done daily.

Jen. No, Madam, as I'm really innocent, I shall still keep so.

Air LXIII. *Cupid, God of Pleasing Anguish.*

*Riches hence, deluding Treasure,
Tempt the Miser with your Treasure,
Bribe again the Royal Lads:
Gold may pierce the Brazen Tower,
Virtue dares Jove's Golden Shower,
Virtue stronger is than Brass.*

Mrs. Jeff. Well, we'll talk of that another time. Come, Child, dry up your Tears, the Company is by this time come to the Assembly; and 'tis proper we shou'd be there to receive 'em.

Jen. Company will only aggravate my Uneasiness.

Betty. But 'twill be too particular, not to be there.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

The Assembly-Room, at Mrs. Jeffamy's.

Squire Noddy, Harry, George, Laurence, Thomas, Isaac, Miss Sukey, Catherine, Molly, and Nanny.

Suk. **D**'Ye think, Lady Packum, we shall have a full Assembly to-night?

Nanny. I fear not, my Dear; the Town's so very thin yet, we must not expect a good deal of Company.

Cath. I am surpriz'd that People of Fashion will stay so long in the Country—To me there's nothing so dull.

Sq. Nod. O! nothing in the World so dull, Madam. When we are marry'd, Miss Sukey, we'll stay in Town all the Year round; O the Country's so dirty, and so dull, there's no bearing of it, and then the Company; i'faith! 'tis all of a piece—I'll ne'er go into the Country again.

Har. Sir, your Estate may support it—But let me tell you, the Town is so vastly expensive, that none who have not monstrous Fortunes, or great Posts, can stand it the whole Winter round.

Air LXIV. Excuse me.

Tb' Embroider'd Beau,

Has ways we know,

To run out his Health and Fortune;

So has the Lady,

Who always is ready,

With the Town Joys to be sporting.

All Ranks professing,

Diversion and Dressing,

Their Pockets each way for to plunder:

With

*With mad Profusion,
Must breed Confusion,
At length, and bring themselves under.
For if you can throw your Estate away,
In Sports, Intrigues, in Dress, and Play,
And yet not want it another Day,
P'faith! the more's the wonder.*

Suk. Well, but as the Lady of Ceremonies stays so long, we may make a party at *Quadrille* before she comes. You see the rest of the Company have form'd themselves into Parties already.

Sq. Nod. O! Ay, let us have a Party at *Quadrille*, by all means, I love Parties of any kind. E'gad! my Lord, 'twould do your Heart good to see what a Randy I make, at the head of my Tenants, at a Country Election.

Suk. Well, come, but drop that—What say you, my Lord?

Sq. Nod. Methinks, now a Fiddle would be a rare thing at these Assemblies—Ours in the Country cou'd n't subsist without a Fiddle.

Geor. O Sir! Ours in Town are upon a quite different footing; a Country-Dance and a Fiddle do very well there, for carrying on an Intrigue; but we have better Opportunities here without 'em. Besides, they prevent Gaming, and we shou'd have no Gentlemen or Ladies there without that: for 'tis the very Soul of an Intrigue.

Molly. I wonder Lord *Gaylove* is n't here. He seldom fails.

Har. I suppose he's at home, wishing his Lord Joy of his Prize.

Cath. What then, the Report is true?

Har. Even so, Madam, see how Fortune smiles upon those who least want her Favours.

Molly.

Molly. Just the way of the World, all People are most obliging to those who don't want their Obligations.—But hark!—I hear Musick,

SCENE X.

Mrs. Jessamy to them.

Mrs. Jess. **L**adies your Servant; upon my word, Gentlemen, I beg pardon for being out of the way. But our House has been in a little Confusion?

[*Here the Strangers are introduc'd to her in Form.*]

Har. What Musick is that, Madam, you've got below Stairs?

Mrs. Jess. O then! You don't know it—Why, you must know, *Mr. Charles* has got 10,000 *l.* in the Lottery, and these are the Ceremonies upon that Occasion.

Har. It can never be he! We heard at *Guild-Hall*, that my Lord himself had got it.

Mrs. Jess. Why, it was his Lordship's Ticket, it seems; but he had parted with it upon some Considerations to *Mr. Charles*, a few Minutes before it came up.

Har. So, this comes of pimping! 'tis certainly the most profitable Employment in Life. 'Tis surprizing the many great Estates that have been rais'd by that Profession.

Air LXV.

The Soldier's fighting,

The Gamester's biting,

The Poet's writing,

To raise the Pence:

The

*The Player's ranting,
The Courtier's descanting,
And shows their wanting,*

Not only Sense :

But in vain, Sir,

Is their Pain, Sir,

'Tis the Pimp that gains the Heart ;

Ever certain,

And diverting ;

All Arts together,

Are join'd in his Feather,

To tickle and please the most sensible Part.

Pox on it! that my Lord has never occasion to make use of me in that way! But he makes the Gaming-Table his Pimp.

Geor. Pray where is he? How does he bear his good Fortune?

Har. He'll let us have his Company, won't he? I hope he won't put on Airs, and slight his old Acquaintance upon his new Acquisition.—These things are cursedly apt to spoil People's Memory.

Mrs. Jeff. No, really he seems to behave very well, he's below entertaining the Company; and, upon my word, he performs the Ceremonies as genteelly, as if he had been born and bred a Gentleman.

Har. Nay, as to that, a Footman has generally the advantage in point of Education; and I believe there is not much difference in the Blood.—

Air LXVI. The Widow.

*Tho' distinction is made 'tween us and the Great,
And this Man's pull'd down to set that Lord elate,
'Tis Custom such difference makes in our Fate,
For Faith! We had all the same Daddy:*

L

Tho'

THE FOOTMAN.

*Tho' Richer their Pockets, than mine, who am poor,
Not richer Blood flows in their Veins, I am sure;
Then where's the Distinction?—it lies in their Store,
For Merit is bought with the Ready.*

SCENE XI.

Jenny and Betty to them.

Jen. **T**HERE now, did n't I tell you, Mamma,
I was sure Mr. Charles wou'd come to
be a great Man?

Mrs. Jess. Indeed, I always thought he was
completely so, in every thing but an Estate; for
there was never any such thing as depending up-
on him; and now he has this Addition, he'll be
more uncertain than ever: so I wou'd n't have you
set your Heart too much upon him.

Bet. No, Miss Jenny, don't be too confident—
But learn from me to bear disappointments of this
kind. —

Mrs. Jess. I don't know what may happen tho',
if she has not really trusted him too far—I may
now be satisfy'd as to that Affair. [*Aside.*

Bet. O there's nothing at all in that; some
Men are so good-natur'd to like a Woman the
better for those Favours, and look upon 'em as
Proofs of their Love.

Har. Besides, he'll be for marrying a Fortune
now.

SCENE XII.

Charles (who runs and catches Jenny in his Arms.)

Char. **M**Y dear Jenny, — I've made but a
short Voyage, you see; but am come
home like a Spanish Galeon, freighted with Treas-
ure.

Jen.

AN OPERA.

Jen. I am at a loss to express my Happiness.

Air LXVII. Masquerade Minuet.

Jen. *Fortune smiling,
Care beguiling,
Joys abound;*

Char. *What rich Treasure,
Crowns my Pleasure?*

Jen. *Ten Thousand Pound.*

Char. *In that Innum'rous Joys explore,
But in thee a brighter Store.*

Both. *In that, &c.*

Mrs. Jess. Well, my Lord, we wish you Joy,
with all our hearts.

All. We wish your Lordship Joy!

Mrs. Jess. Why you're quite another Man already, my Lord.

Har. 'Tis a fine thing to be born under a Golden Planet.

Char. In troth so it is, Harry—Was it not for the Influence of the Stars, one wou'd wonder how some People came to be what they are. But now I'm one of the Herd, I must hold my tongue. The losing Gamester rails and frets; but the winner laughs to himself, and says nothing. Betty, I'll make you easy—I'll give you a Fortune, Hussy, and marry you to one of my Dependants.

Betty. That was spoke like a great Man.

Sq. Nod. Well, Miss Sukey, what say you now Matrimony is going forwards?

Suk. Well, I can hold out no longer; but you'll promise to take a House in Town?

Sq. Nod. O! We'll live in Town all the Year round.

Char. Jenny, give me your Hand, in Earnest of your self—We'll make our selves a Pattern for all the
the



The FOOTMAN.

the marry'd People in Town——But see, Ladies, here's Musick waiting: suppose, Mrs. *Jessamy*, we shou'd take a Dance in your Assembly-Room for once?

Mrs. *Jess*. O by all means, let the Ladies have a Dance.

A Dance, which ended, they sing.

Air LXVIII. Bath Medley.

Jen. *Tho' the World, 'tis agreed,
Is a Lottery indeed,
Where one in a Thousand scarce draws a
good Prize;
Blame nor Fortune, nor Chance,
But this Maxim advance,
They who Lucky wou'd be, must be Ho-
nest and Wise.*

Chorus.

Char. *Luck and Chance, it is plain,
Are things fancy'd and vain,
For our Fortunes alone on our Actions depend;
In Love still be steady,
In Honour be ready,
And we all shall draw Prizes enough in the
End.*

F I N I S.



